



THE LOVE LETTER

# MURAD

THE TURKISH  
CIGARETTE



*S. Anagyros*

*Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World*

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America's Premier Watering Place

# RACING AT SARATOGA

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st (Inclusive)

SIX RACES EVERY WEEK DAY, RAIN OR SHINE

Thursday, August 1st  
**SARATOGA HANDICAP**  
For Three Year Olds and Up. 1 1/4 Miles.

Wednesday, August 14th  
**THE SANFORD MEMORIAL**  
For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 24th  
**GRAND UNION HOTEL STAKES**  
For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 3rd  
**UNITED STATES HOTEL STAKES**  
For Two Year Olds. 3/4 Mile.

Saturday, August 17th  
**THE SPINAWAY STAKES**  
For Two Year Old Fillies. 5 1/2 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 31st  
**THE HOPEFUL STAKES**  
For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 10th  
**SARATOGA SPECIAL**  
For Two Year Olds. 6 Furlongs.

Saturday, August 17th  
**THE TRAVERS STAKES**  
For Three Year Olds. 1 1/4 Miles.

Saturday, August 31st  
**SARATOGA CUP**  
For Three Year Olds and Up. 1 1/4 Miles.

THE SARATOGA ASSOCIATION  
for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses

RICHARD T. WILSON, President

HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, Vice-President

ANDREW MILLER, Secretary and Treasurer

18 East 41st Street, New York. From July 25th to September 1st, 18 Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A. McL. EARLOCKER, Racing Secretary.



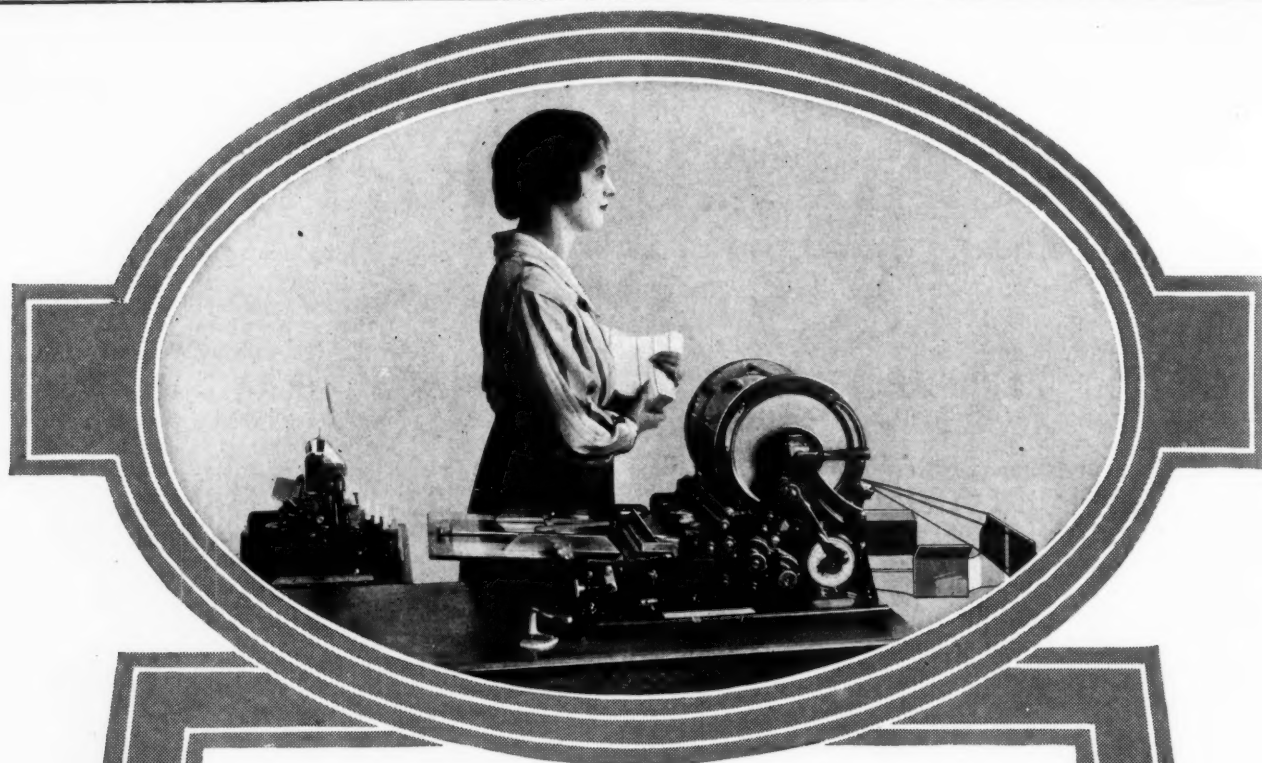
TIME

WHEN YOU'RE WAITING FOR A CHECK



WHEN YOU HAVE A NOTE TO MEET

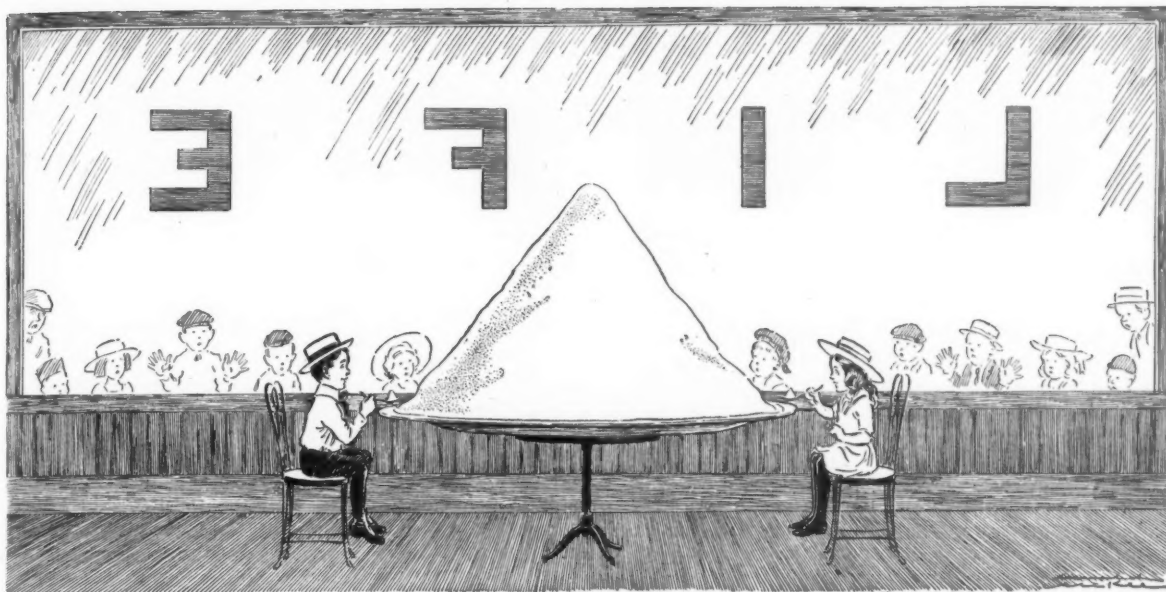




*Mail-power!* Salesmanship focused in an envelope—must help to release man-power for the days of the war. And better letters will help to make better business—now *as never before*. Your representative travels, not for three cents a mile, but a thousand miles and more for three cents—when Mimeographed. ☞ ☞ ☞ You don't know what the Mimeograph can do unless you have seen the *new* Mimeograph. It easily turns out five thousand *beautifully printed* letters an hour—at *smallest* cost. Diagrams, designs, forms, blanks, bulletins, tags, etc., at the same rate. The Mimeograph is doing great work for American business today. Let our representative show you how it will help in your selling—and other work. Or get booklet "W" from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.







### Ballad of the Profiteers

SHORT shrift for the common rogue, perdie,  
And the voltage swift or the gallows-tree  
For the simple fools  
That break the rules  
In the common way with the common tools:  
Burglar's jimmy, or bullet or knife;  
Thirty years, or a life for a life.  
Not for them are the law's delays!  
Not for them the long-drawn appeal—  
Too crudely did they kill and steal,  
And took such antiquated ways.

Why had they not large office suites,  
Like fashionable thugs and cheats?  
Wringing from war and widows' tears  
Immunity as—profiteers!

Brave musketeers  
Are the profiteers,  
With their hoarded wheat  
And their rotten bread,  
And their stinking meat  
To the soldiers fed;  
And no aeroplanes,—  
And the money sped:  
And nothing to fear but some distant date  
When Congress may investigate.

Yet, if truth were told, the foulest Hun  
That pollutes the all-enduring sun  
Is not so vile as this carrion thing  
That gorges on human suffering  
And rubs his hands, as the nations bleed,  
Cold to all other dreams but—greed.

While your honest knave has no shred of hope,  
But he needs must swing on yon hempen rope;  
There's something wrong, something mighty queer—  
That we have no rope for the profiteer.

*Richard Le Gallienne.*



A YANKEE DREAM

"THAT'LL DO FOR KISSING THE FLAG. NOW YOU CAN RECITE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE A FEW TIMES, AND AFTER THAT I WANT YOU TO SING 'THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER,' AND SEE THAT YOU GET THE WORDS RIGHT."

## Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1917, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-one years. In that time it has expended \$168,071.31 and has given a fortnight in the country to 39,193 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged...\$6,805.93

H. C. Griggs..... 5.00  
Roger Deering..... 50.00  
J. E. McGowan..... 7.50  
In memory of R. G. R.... 10.00  
G. D. Emerson..... 5.00  
L. W. Hart..... 7.00  
Mrs. J. A. Swan..... 20.00  
H. H. Stanley..... 1.00  
E. A. Johnson..... 7.00  
In memory of W. C. Parke. 10.00  
Duke of Newcastle..... 100.00  
Mrs. N. B. Hersloff..... 25.00  
Mr. and Mrs. F. D. L.,  
Boston..... 10.00

Ada T. Huntzinger..... 10.00  
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Fred H. Moore..... 7.00  
Mrs. W. S. Rodie..... 100.00  
G. B., Jr..... 25.00  
Slason Thompson..... 5.00  
Harriet Pratt..... 7.00  
M. A. Wait..... 7.00  
Yi and I..... 10.00

\$7,380.73

### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Package of clothing from Mrs. H. P. Garland, Saco, Me.  
Package of children's clothing from Mrs. George Mills, Georgetown, Conn.  
Package of children's clothing from Mrs. Clifford Mills, Georgetown, Conn.  
Package of children's clothing from Mrs. C. H. Burdett, Ridgefield, Conn.  
Box of clothing, shoes, stockings, etc., from Mrs. Clarence Illingworth Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Package of children's clothing from Mrs. Christian Seitz, Branchville, Conn.

"THAT young poet I introduced you to got a typewriter and worked day and night in an attempt to make himself famous."

"How did he succeed?"

"It was the making of him. He became a first-rate operator on the typewriter, and now has a good job with a large firm."



AT LIFE'S FARM  
THE SWIMMING POOL

## Improving Upon Nature

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court upholding the constitutionality of child labor will no doubt be cheering news to many who feared that the value of children in the open market might decline. All babies at the present time are practically useless. Unless they are born of very wealthy parents, they require personal attention when everybody is extremely busy. They consume valuable food. They are noisy, and may often disturb war workers. In short, they are a non-essential. Hereafter the main object in having them at all will be to hold them for future profit. The risk is great, as the goods are perishable and capital is tied up while waiting for the babies to mature.

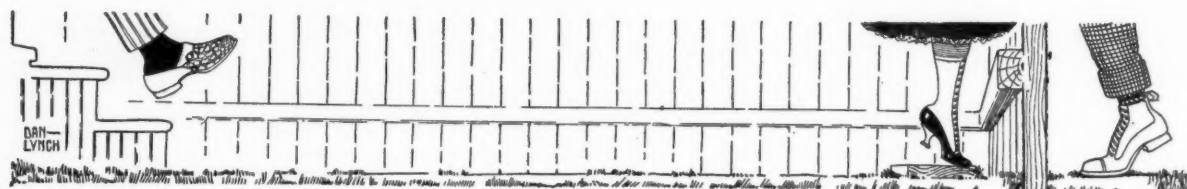
The Supreme Court decision is therefore a great help. Babies will not have to be held so long as it was feared they might be, before becoming useful wage earners. In a comparatively few years now, owing to our progressive lawmakers, we can begin to make something out of them. They ought to begin to pay for themselves by the time they are eight or nine.

## Coming!

THE War Industries Board intends to limit the length of sack coats, to curtail the number of pockets, do away with superfluous cuffs and straps and to censor all double-breasted coats! Naturally this leads to the important question, Why wear clothes at all? With most people clothes are an affectation, worn for purposes of ornament. For men the principal advantage they have at present is that they furnish a suitable amount of exercise twice a day in putting them on and taking them off, which otherwise would be

difficult to get, owing to war work.

As for the ingenious theory advanced by some people, that clothes are necessary to keep one warm—this is true only half the time. As for the other half, it is now only a question of a few years when the number of tunnels and covered ways leading from our houses to our business haunts will be so extensive as to afford ample protection from the cold. It is true that at present our inside heating is restricted by Mr. Garfield, but the war cannot last forever, and we still have our old clothes to wear out—until we get accustomed to the new order of things. Under normal circumstances the ordeal of having a sartorial expert go over you with a tape while you swell out your chest and stand as you never really stand at any other time is bad enough. But to have it done now under government restrictions is more than anybody cares for. Probably in extreme weather overcoats may be necessary, but why anything more? To leap nimbly from one's couch, eat one's breakfast in anatomical freedom and saunter to one's office with nothing on but an ulster and sandals—what a boon to the tired business man of to-morrow!

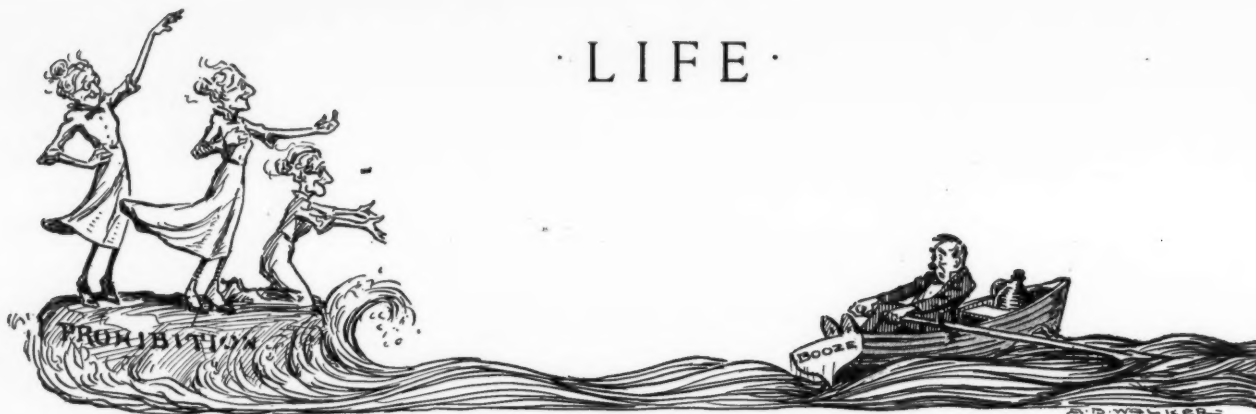


THREE FEET—ONE YARD



AS THE FLAG PASSES  
"WILL YE PLEASE TAKE ME HAT OFF, LADY?"





THE SIRENS

## So Mixed We Are

NATIONS are composite. So are individuals. It would help for world peace, national peace and family peace if we could always keep that in mind. What we are prone to do, especially in our wrath, is to think of a whole nation as one individual, and that individual as the personification of some trait that irritates us. But it is not so at all. The British, for example, have national characteristics but immense individual variety, and politically are assembled in at least two great groups, Liberal and Conservative. According as we ourselves are liberal or conservative we are in pretty close political sympathy with one or the other of those groups. There are few, if any, emotions or aspirations of democracy, religion or civilization that transpire in American minds that have not their counterparts in minds in Great Britain.

It is quite the same with individuals. Every person is composite, the sum of a variety of different inherited traits and impulses, jostling one another, often contending with one another. What jars us in someone we find fault with very likely jars and troubles that very person, in whom, as in us, grandmothers and grandfathers and remoter ancestors strive for the mastery. We are the resultants of the forces behind us, modified by the influences and instruction that we have had and by the action of our own wills and our choices and exertions for good or bad. Whoever in our ancestry has fought for righteousness or honor has fought for us; whoever has chosen the baser part has hindered us. And with our fellows it is just the same. As the nations have saints and heroes to whom



*Irate Father:* IT SERVES YOU RIGHT TO HAVE YOUR LITTLE PLAYMATES SEE YOU GET WHIPPED.

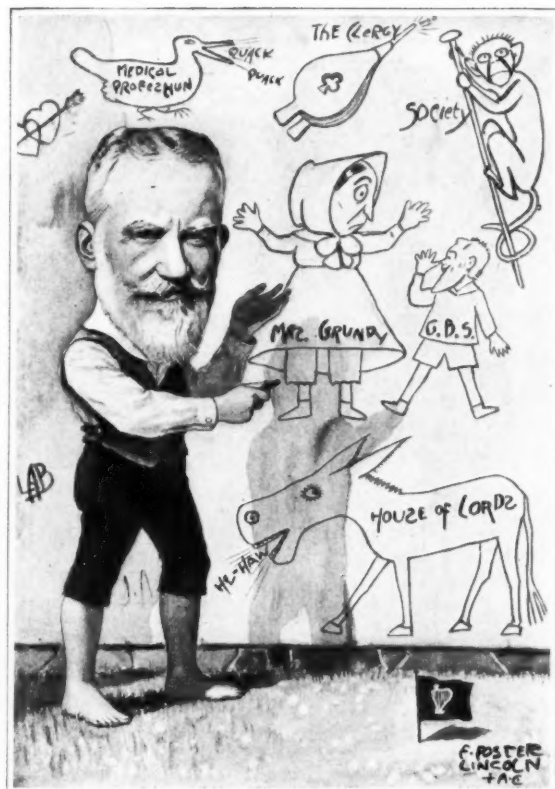
"YAH, I CH-CHARGED 'EM THREE CENTS APIECE!"

they are debtors, so also have the individual people. Bad it is for any nation to have put upon the hero-pedestal an unworthy character. Bad it is for any family to have done so, no matter what worldly advantage may have come down from the ancestor so honored.

## Need

"I SEE that McAdoo aims to humanize the railroads."

"Good! If he succeeds in doing that he might try to humanize some of our ticket agents and subway guards."



THE NAUGHTY G. B. S.

HISTORIC BOYS



OUR DARLING ENRICO



SOMEWHERE IN FRANZ

## Italian Handbook on American Pastimes

An Italian editor has likened baseball to tennis.

—News item.

THE American game of football is strikingly similar to checkers. The main difference lies in the fact that football is played on a large area, and checkers on a small one.

Auction bridge bears a strong resemblance to duck shooting.

Golf, as played by the Americans, is very like canoeing, as a delicate balance is required.

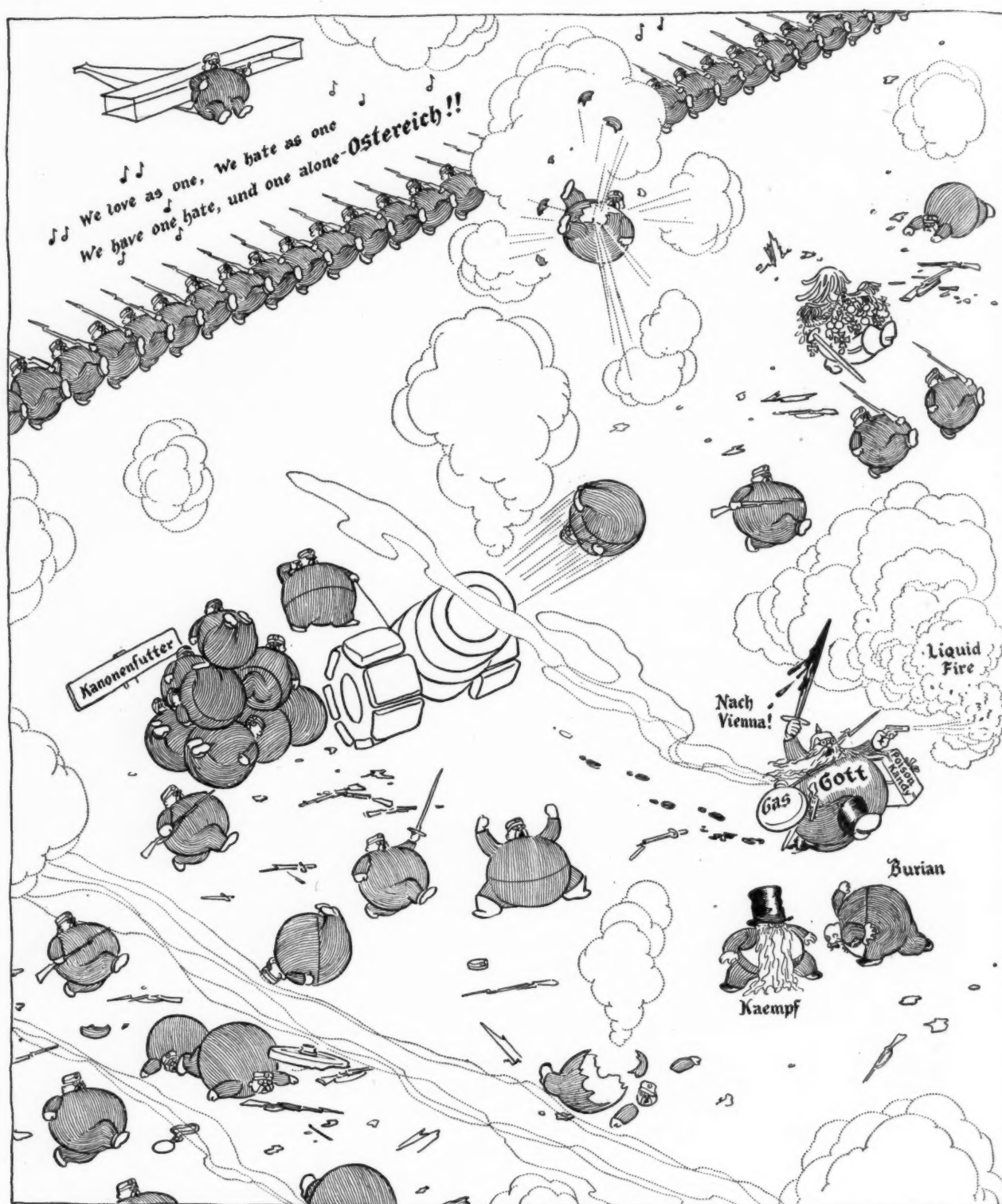
The game of pool, which is unusually popular in most sections of America, is much the same sort of sport as knitting. In knitting, one pushes the needles, or cues, into holes formed by the worsted; while in pool, one pushes balls into holes in the table with cues, or needles.

Poker, sometimes known as the great American pastime, is a great deal like the familiar game of jackstraws. In the former, one draws cards with his hands; while in the latter, one draws jackstraws with a hook.

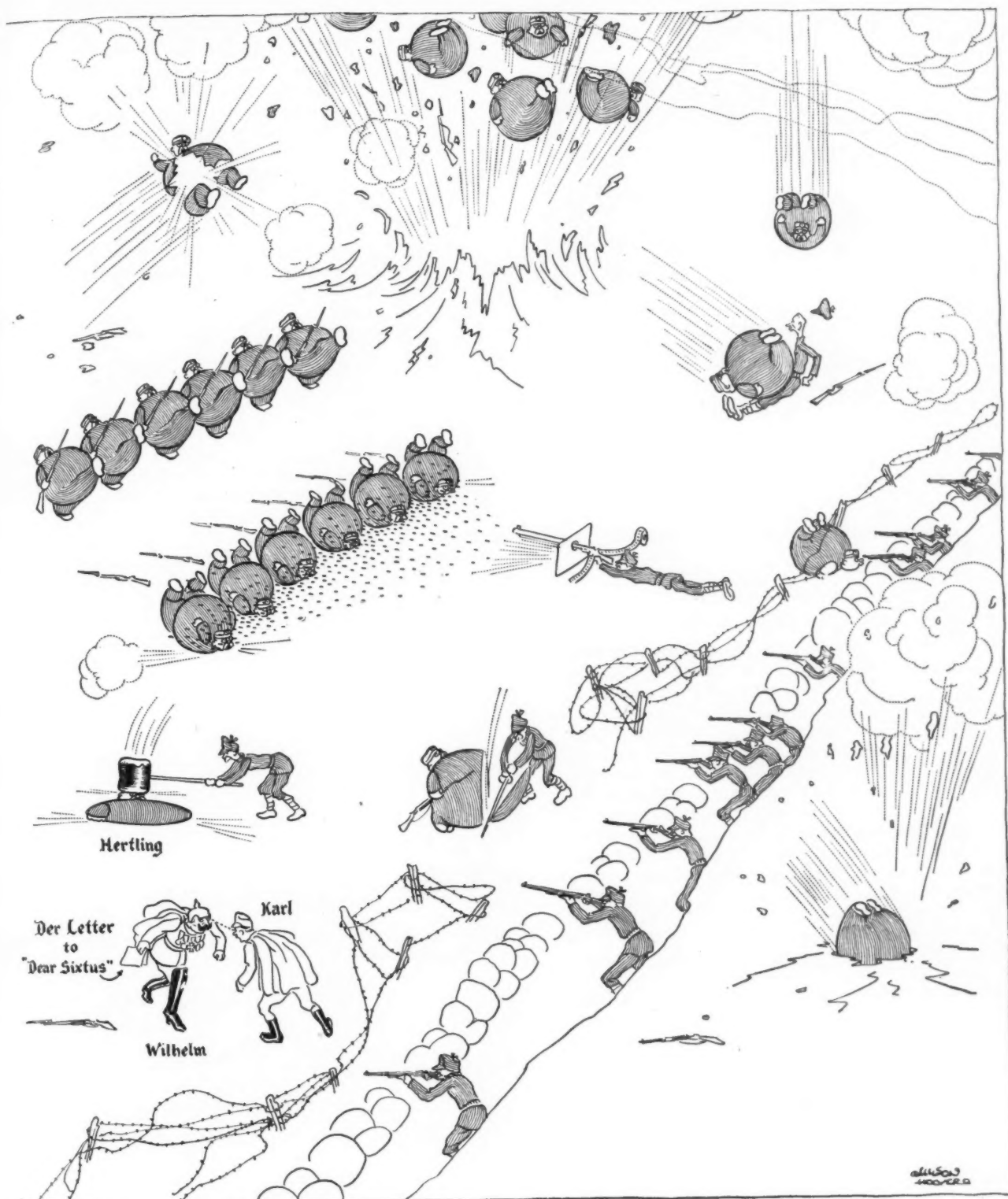
### Turns

WILLIS: How do you like army life? Quite a number of new turns for a fellow to get used to, I suppose.

GILLIS: You bet. At night you turn in, and just as you are about to turn over somebody turns up and says, "Turn out."







NEXT WAR (MIT AUSTRIA)



## ARMY ITEM

LIEUTENANT EDGEcombe SMITH SHOWS MARVELOUS APTITUDE IN AVIATION

## Who's Nobody and Why

*Smoothlipp Shyster, LL.B.*

THE picture absent from this space is that of Smoothlipp Shyster, LL.B., a legal bloodhound ever hot on the scent of litigation prospects.

Bar associates despise Mr. Shyster whole-heartedly, if somewhat constrainedly and silently, for his vile perversion of legal remedies; every client he ever had swears vengeance on him for his black-souled selfishness; and Justice herself, in whose service he professes to be engaged, waits patiently for the day when he will be restrained from further mischief by unyielding stone walls and iron bars.

Mr. Shyster's specialty is separating man and wife—incidentally breaking up their home—for the nominal fee of fifty dollars. His general practise comprises such cases as he can put through with a minimum of law-book research—albeit they call for a maximum of cold-blooded despatch. During his twenty-odd years of trouble-making he has contrived to do his profession more harm than the sum total of all the satire aimed at it by sharpshooters among the laity. It will be a welcome issue of the morning paper which brings the news that his license has been revoked.

## Almost Rock Bottom

"WELL, have you gotten down to a war basis yet?"

"Yes. I've given up my business, lost twenty pounds, spent all my spare cash in taxes, sent my boys to the front, and was never happier in my life."

## The Lingering Lift

WAITING for the elevator to come down is one of the exquisite slow tortures of modern life. When you first gaze at it, the indicator hovers fixedly around twenty-two. For what seems an age it is entirely static, then with faltering motion it descends very, very slowly. How long it stops at each floor! Surely the elevator must be crowded by this time! Lower and lower comes the little arrow with painful slowness. You try many ways of passing the time pleasantly, indulging your fancy by counting many thousands of mental sheep as they leap over an imaginary fence. At last hope begins to mount in your breast; the pointer has reached three. Then an apparent retrogression occurs; it mounts again to ten. Once more the tedious downward journey, and finally the lights of the descending car greet you. Instinctively you step aside to let the crowd out. A useless courtesy! The car is empty.

BE good, and you'll be Liberty Loan-some.



The Singer: AND I THOUGHT THIS SONG WOULD BE SO POPULAR!



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH WABBLER?"

"NOTHING. HE'S IN HIS ELEMENT, THAT'S ALL."

"WHAT IS HIS PARTICULAR ELEMENT?"

"ALCOHOL."

## Celebrated Cases

THE next case on the list was that of a pleasing looking young gentleman who was, however, somewhat the worse for wear.

"Name of prisoner?"

"George Creel."

"And the charge against him?"

"There are several counts, your honor. He is accused of being a socialist, a Hearst endorser, a purveyor of misinformation and of having apologized to Congress."

"Um! This looks bad. Prisoner, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, your honor, I have already repudiated about all of my past I can think of, but if there is any little thing I have overlooked, just let me know. There's nothing mean about me."

"Then you announce that you are now ready to go back on everything you have ever said or done?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And will you promise that, hereafter, you will always be willing to go back on everything you may say?"

"I certainly will, your honor."

"Well, prisoner, I am disposed to be lenient with you. This is only your last offence, and you are young, and after the war is over the Hearst papers may not be running, and you might have to get a job somewhere else, so we must be willing to give you a chance. What is your present occupation?"

"I issue a bulletin of belated news. Suppose, for example, you miss the newspapers for a week or so. Just pick up my bulletin, and you will get all the news that was published a week

ago. Then Mr. Hearst and I censor the movies."

"Well, couldn't you get a job in vaudeville or start a correspondence school in parlor tiddledewinks, and thus do something to help win the war?"

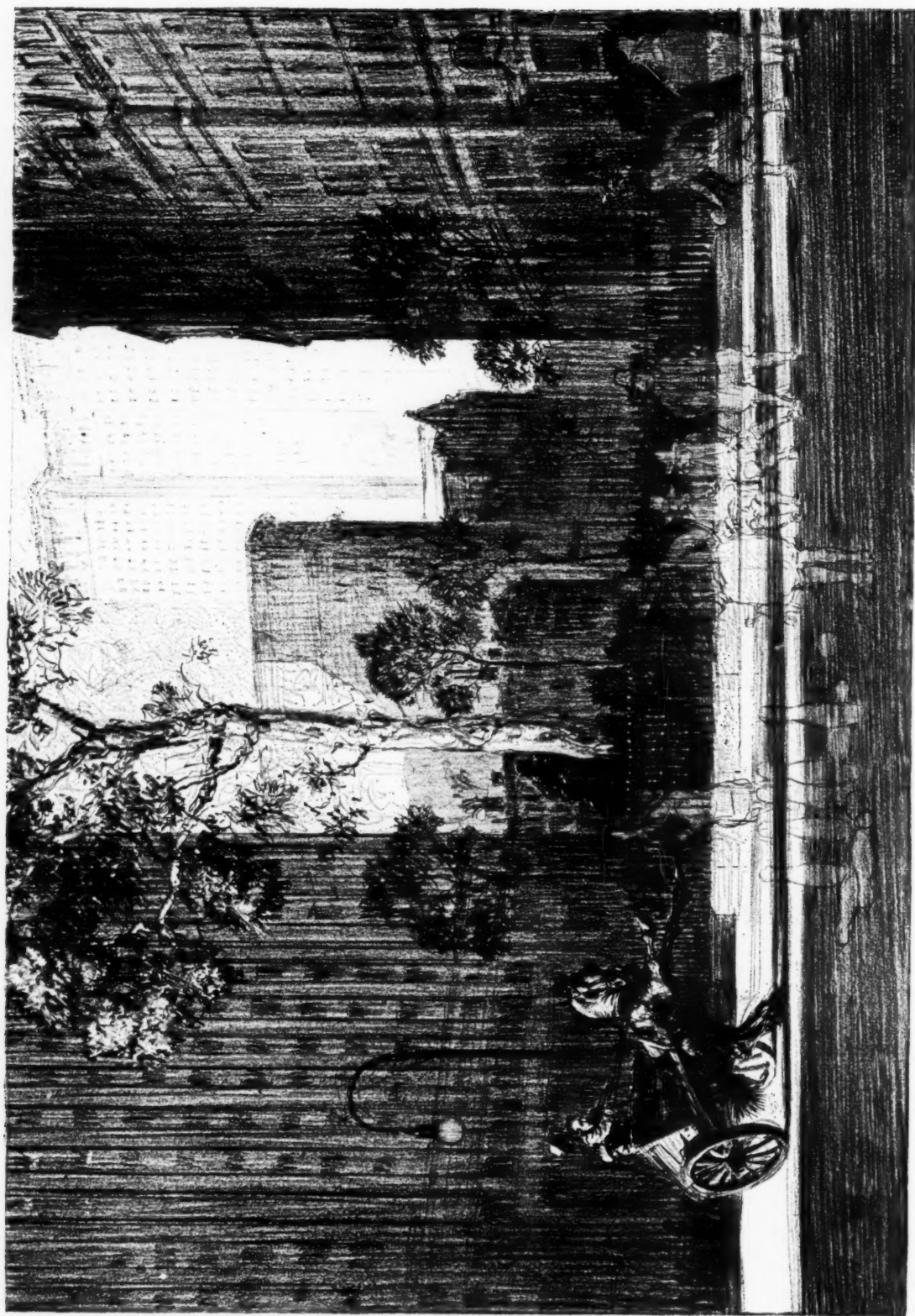
"But I thought, your honor—"

"Don't think any more than you can help. Remember, prisoner, we are cutting out the non-essentials. I'll let you off this time, if you will continue to be as amusing as you can. We must have some relief from this war, and that's in your favor, anyway. Next case!"

**AFTER - DINNER SPEAKER:**  
Gentlemen, I have come prepared to-night to speak on the war.

**GUEST:** It's all right, old man. We've come prepared to listen to you.





BOWLING GREEN  
WHAT THE HORSE SAW

## Some Non-Essentials

### THE LAW

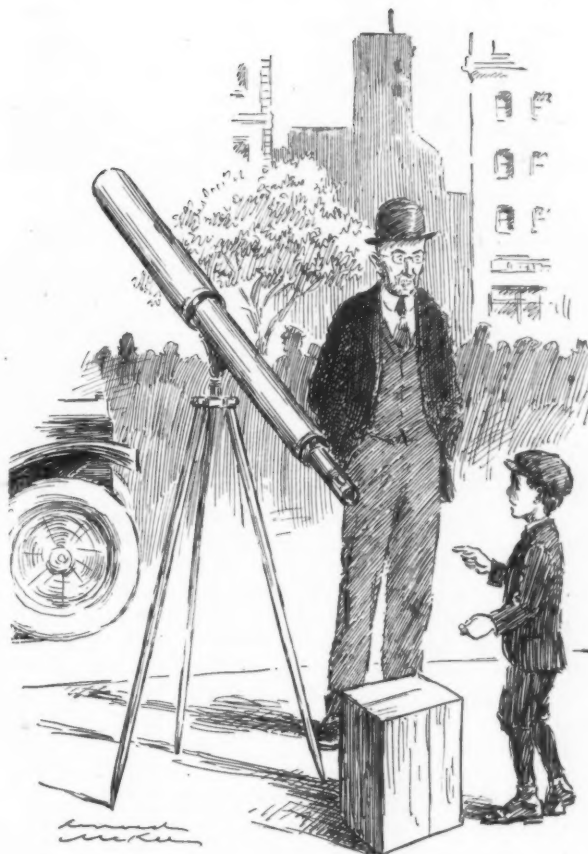
THE law is a collection of rules and precedents so arranged that nobody is protected from anything except those who do not deserve to be. The machinery of the law has grown so cumbersome that the expense of running it is immense. As the poor cannot afford to pay, the matter devolves upon the rich, who in return receive immunity. Thus the law, originally intended to mete out justice, is a reservoir of delay, debt and despair. If there were no law there would be no precedents, and without precedents mankind would flourish so much that law would not be necessary. To mitigate the incompetence of the law ought to be the sacred duty of everyone except lawyers. But inasmuch as everyone, including members of Congress, is a lawyer, the prospect is not rosy.

### BOOK REVIEWS

The principal object of all book reviews is to mislead the reader about the book reviewed. To do this as it really ought to be done would involve a careful reading of the book; hence the reviewer avoids this, as a matter of literary principle, looking only at the first and last pages. Some reviewers praise a book so highly that all desire to read it vanishes from your mind. Others deprecate it so strongly that you are led to read it; and in both cases you wish you hadn't. Book reviews are useful in so far as they give you no idea of the book. But even under these favorable circumstances they are only a method of concealing the reviewer's opinions about other things, and these would be of no interest whatever presented by themselves.



HER HERO



"WILL YOU POINT IT TOWARDS MY DAD IN FRANCE?"

### SILK HATS

Silk hats are worn by politicians, clergymen and college professors. This alone would place them in the non-essential list. They are also worn by high officials. A high official whose lofty brow is surmounted by a silk hat and who is entirely surrounded by brigadier generals is one of the great features of our latter-day democracy. Nobody knows why silk hats continue to be worn by presumably otherwise intelligent people, except that, like the Anglo-Saxon law and the chairman of the ways and means committee, nobody has yet been able to invent a way to get rid of them. They appear to be, in a way, the symbol of Diplomacy, and they may go out with this obsolete industry. The war will not have been in vain if they can finally be rendered extinct.

### A Familiar Spirit

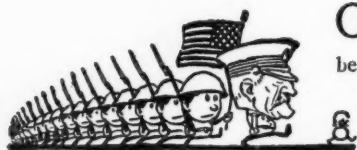
**MEDIUM:** Now, sir, be seated, and in just a moment I will give a convulsive shudder, my voice will change, and I will go into a trance and begin to talk wildly, and possibly clutch you by the hair. You are not afraid, are you?

**DIMPLETON:** Afraid! Why, that's what my wife does all the time.



AUGUST 1, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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OUR soldiers in France seem to be thoroughly conscientious men. Knowing very well for what purpose they were diverted from their former employments and sent across the seas, they seem determined to accomplish that purpose at earliest convenience. The stories which, at this writing, we have been reading about them for a week, all show this honorable and very active disposition to do the errand their country sent them on, and assist General Foch to persuade the Germans that France is no place for them, and that the most ordinary consideration for health demands that all Germans shall return to the comforts of home, and to baths, treatment and a strengthening diet.

Dr. Ludendorff seems still of opinion that what Germans need is more foreign travel and residence in France, Belgium, Russia and other adjacent countries, but he has begun to have hard work to get it for them. As for Old Doctor Hindenburg, he appears to have retired from consultation. Since July 15th Dr. Foch has pretty well had charge of the German case, and his management of it has given us the best reading we have had in many, many months. Everybody can now find Soissons and Rheims on the map, and understands that the black bulge south of the line between them is full of Germans who ought to go home, and doubtless would prefer to do so, and whose return to Fatherland is being expedited with all the energy that the Allied powers can apply.

Just how much, relatively, our gen-

tlemen have been able to contribute to the heartening proceedings since Bastille Day has not been exactly computed for us, but the papers say 300,000 of them have been helping, and all authorities agree that they have helped. Gratefully and with enthusiasm we gather from the correspondents' stories the assurance that our men are first-class fighting-men; bold, vivacious, skilful; ready for any duty and out looking for it; ready to die for the cause and very expensive to kill. This Rheims to Soissons fight has called in more Americans than have been in any battle since the Civil War. Accordingly the casualty lists, when they come, will be heavy reading, but casualty lists are the price of victory, and we shall not feel that ours are too heavy a price for our share in such achievements as, now, we read of every morning.



HOW great a comfort it is to have matters move forward again! In the early successes of the German drive it was always possible to have confidence in the Allied resistance and to find comfort in the conviction that matters must and would come right in the end, and that the man-power was in sight to make them come so. But it is a lot better to read these tales of Germans in pockets and Frenchmen and Americans potting them, and of miles of front recovered instead of more miles being yielded, and of prisoners taken by the thousand and guns to match. They tell us, with this fight a

week old and Rupprecht rushing troops to help the German Crown Prince, that it is too soon yet to expect the great Allied assault, and that Foch will not attempt it yet. But the charm of reading day by day of a great battle like this is that no one can tell how far it will go or where it will come out. There have actually been cavalry charges in this fight, and the correspondents have been generous in regaling us with the extraordinary exploits of individual American soldiers, as of that redoubtable Sergeant Brown, from somewhere, a machine-gunner, who got lost in the woods, captured a German machine gun all by himself, picked up a corporal and presently eleven other Americans, and came into the American lines after a while with one hundred and fifty-five German prisoners.

The *Times* printed this story, and it reads true, and if it is true the other Germans ought to go right home and explain about it to their folks, for the home Germans will want to know.

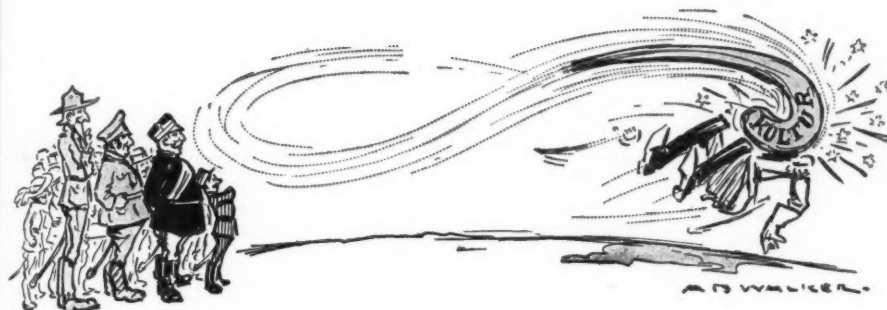
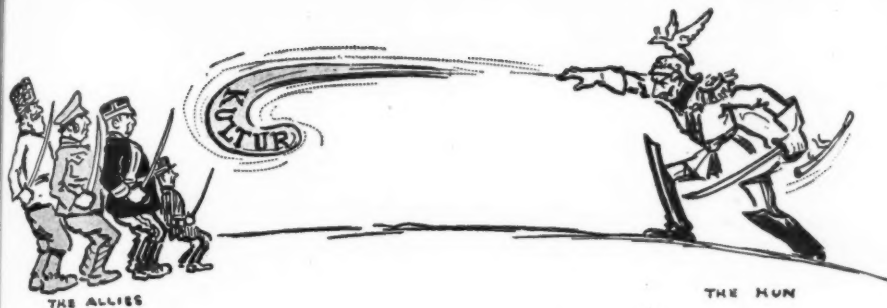


BEGINNING July 16th, there was a sort of Republican convention at Saratoga, largely attended by ladies, and considerably bossed by them. It was attended also by Colonel Roosevelt, who made a speech. It was not a nominating convention, because conventions in this state no longer nominate; but it was a social occasion of much potency—so many ladies being on hand—and political views were exchanged.

The view that easily prevailed was that the Colonel ought to run for governor and unite the Republican party in New York.

This was a natural view to take. If the Colonel would run, he could probably be nominated and elected. He could beat Whitman in the primaries, which is very earnestly desired by a good many Republican chiefs, and at the polls he could probably beat everybody, including William Hearst, if William should obtain the Democratic nomination. So there was remarkable unanimity in the desire that the Colonel should run; the Republican ladies,





THE BOOMERANG

especially, being very earnest about it.

The Colonel went home and gave as much of his mind to it as he could spare from the reports that were coming about the death of his young son, Quentin, in an air fight. That news being presently confirmed, he found time to decline the Republican invitation. He confessed in proper language that to sit on the nest in Albany and keep the Republican eggs warm while the war is going so strong, did not look to him like an attractive occupation. "For the last four years," he said, "my whole being has been absorbed in the consideration of the tremendous problems, national and international, of the world war. I have thought of them and dwelt on them in my mind to the exclusion of all other subjects.

"My soul is for the men who are fighting in this war, my mind dwells continually on the problems of the war, on the international problems of the peace which is to close and justify the war, and on the tremendous national problems, social and industrial, with which we shall be faced after the war is ended."

So he cannot spare to being governor the energy and thought that office needs, and he will not run.

Of course not.

But immediately the Hearst candidacy

retricks its beams. "Hearst for Governor, Sure" the headline runs in the *World*, "Even if Saratoga Rejects."



SO, even in New York politics, it seems bound to be an interesting fall. There is nothing for Colonel Roosevelt in being governor of New York. As an employment the governorship costs more than it brings in, and would distract his mind, as he says, from what he naturally wants to think about. As an honor it is nothing to him, as he is long of honors of that sort.

But for Hearst that office is immensely desirable. To have his mind and everybody's mind distracted from the war and the Hearst war record, is what, of all things, he must desire. His character, his reputation, his very loyalty, are under assault; his papers in some places are proscribed. To have the New York Democrats, and what voters he could herd in with them, elect him governor, would be a life-belt thrown to a struggling swimmer. Heaven knows that since Sulzer disgraced the governorship it has been a good deal less splendid decoration

than it was, and nobody has added much distinction to it since Roosevelt had it last time. Still, it is a highly honorable and important office, and to Hearst it would be all kinds of succor and salvation. If he thinks he has a chance to get it, of course he will try for it, and try hard.



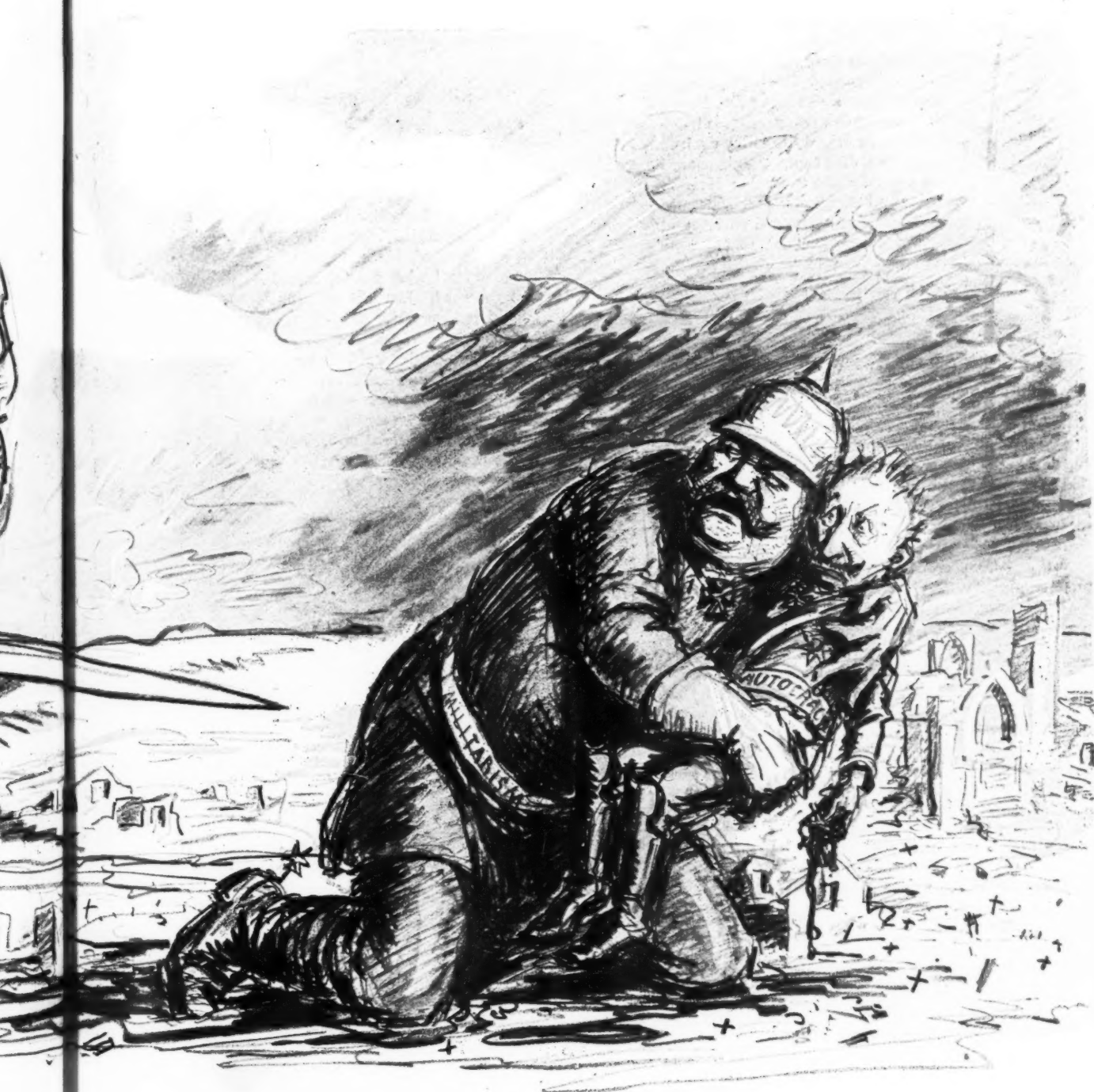
THAT New York convention and all those women in it, and the prospects of women's votes in the next election, remind one of the new world that is awaiting us after the war is over. The war may last for years yet, but, again, it may be over in a few months, and is likely to be over within a year. And then what?

The murder of Ex-Czar Nicholas by the Soviets, a pitiful end to a rather well-intentioned, weak man, has a dismal quality of prognostication about it, which the Kaiser doubtless notices. The going looks likely to be good for autocrats: the staying perilous and insecure. But even allowing that the two remaining Emperors are put out and packed off, that is only the beginning. What is to follow will be full of wonders. In Germany, when the war-lords have been knocked out, the national capacity for organization will remain, and will doubtless get to work again presently under new leadership. In Austria the muddle attending change of government is likely to be worse and more protracted than in Germany, but not so bad as in Russia. And all these countries are full of people liable to starve to death while their new machinery of civilized existence is getting into running order.

We in these States are less muddled up than any other great nation, but look what even we have ahead of us! Just now we are as much an autocracy as Germany. The government controls everything, does everything. We must work carefully back from that condition to democracy; and work out woman-suffrage, prohibition, labor, public utilities, taxation, the new education and such matters on the way, not to speak of what attention must be given to religion. Stars above! What a prospect of work!

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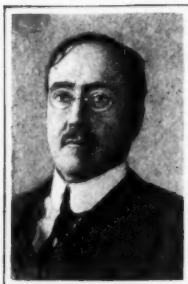






## Life's Horoscopes

JAMES W. GERARD



JUPITER and Gemini having had their hands cut off, all the inhabitants of Mars being deported, Capricornus crucified and Gott locked up for insubordination, this gentleman was born at Genesee, New York, in 1867, surrounded by German spies and newspapermen. Possessed of a firm, unyielding Tammany Hall disposition, he will do his best work in the movies, the Chautauqua circle or as a vaudeville performer for Hearst's daily *American*. Should avoid diplomats, real statesmen and all gentlemen afflicted with good taste and an inherent capacity for silence. Looks well in a diving suit of navy blue or in a sound-proof time-safe, to be closed for the duration of the war.

CHAMP CLARK

MISSOURI being in half compromise with the cotton belt, with yellow journals still below the horizon and the orbit of Free Silver in cusp with W. J. Bryan, this gentleman was ushered into the sometime blue-grass but now yellow-journal region of Kentucky on the 7th of March, 1850. From thence he escaped to Bowling Green, Mo., with Brisbanes and Hearsts malific in the far west and pro-Germans crossed with the cusp of the United States Senate. When arriving at the age of discretion, or in 10 years, 10 days, 24 hours, 4 minutes and 32 seconds from the hour that the House Committee on Rules adjourns, he should beware of presidential bees or pacifist lambs in the third house of the Ways and Means Committee. Otherwise he may talk freely in the presence of Vice-President Marshall or when crossing the Alkali Desert. He looks well in pleated bolsheviks with profiteers ascendant and cuspidors triumphant in the lower house. Will do his best work in 1925 as the end man in a full chorus of deaf and dumb Democrats living on an alfalfa farm.



## Dr. Jordan's Sentiments

IN speaking of Dr. David Starr Jordan and his antipathy to war, *LIFE* said (May 30th): "He would cure it, apparently, by lying down, whereas the treatment popular just now is to stand up to it."

But Dr. Jordan writes:

I have never believed that peace could be had by lying down before aggression. There was while von Jagow was in power an apparent chance for honorable mediation. That was lost when the Kaiser decided to give the Tirpitz-Ludendorff group another trial, and now the war must go on until they, and probably the Kaiser also, are pried loose.



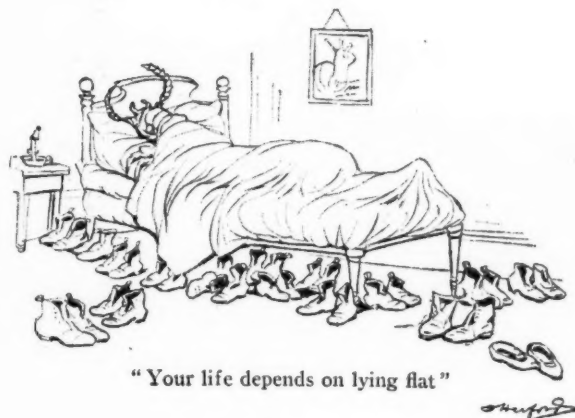
"I wonder why you trail?"

## The Feetless Day

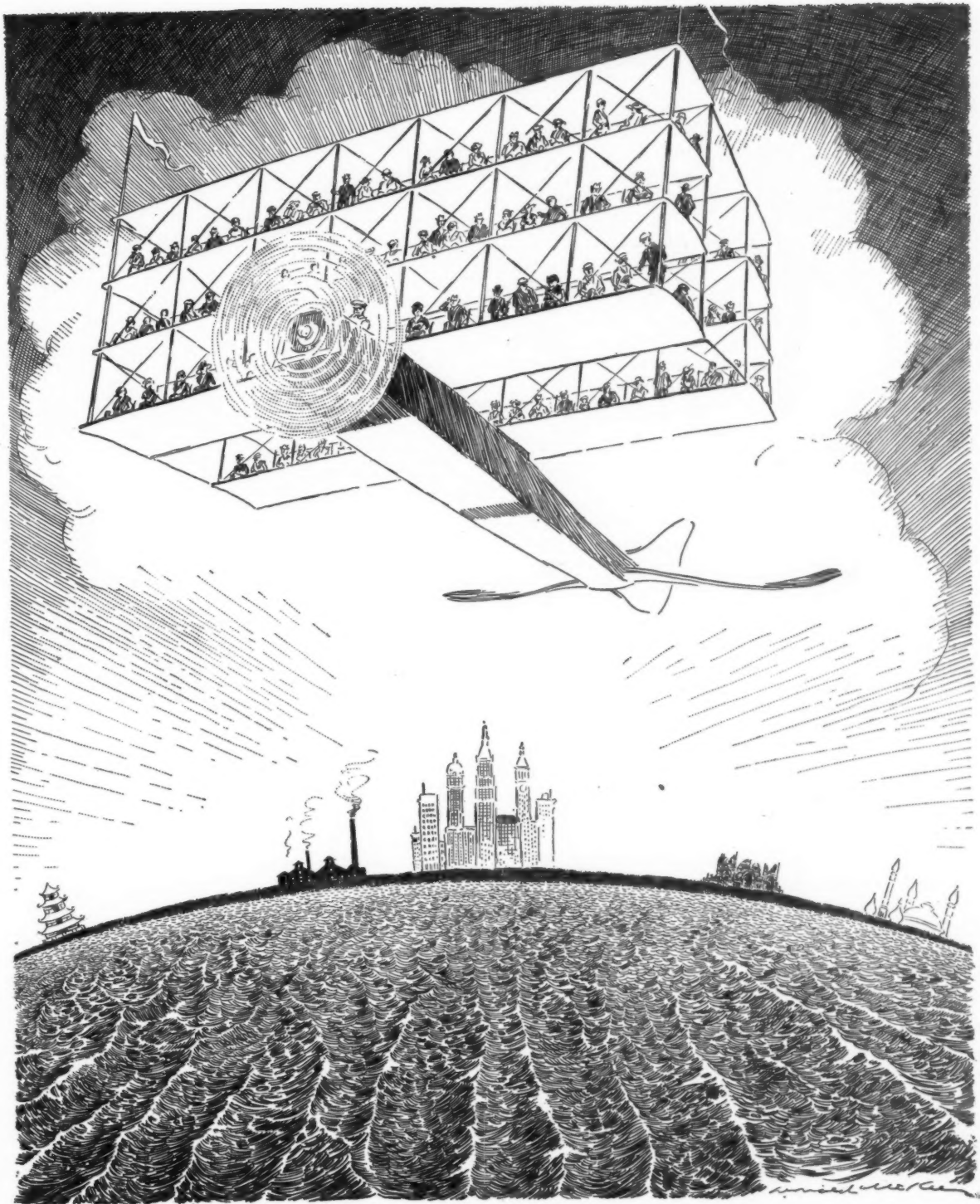
ONCE to a Centipede a Snail  
 Remarked, "I wonder why you trail  
 Along the ground with such a lot  
 Of feet—a hundred, is it not?  
 A hundred feet! when two or three  
 Are all you need. Just look at me!  
 The speed and ease with which I crawl,  
 And yet I have no feet at all!  
 In these days would it not be wise  
 For you to—well, to *Hooferize*?  
 You surely don't need more than two  
 To get along! If I were you,  
 I'd use one pair and stand up straight,  
 And save the other ninety-eight  
 Against a rainy day."

"Indeed  
 You're right!" replied the Centipede.  
 "I've often thought, to do my part,  
 'Twould be advisable to start  
 A Feetless Day—but then, you see,  
 If I stood upright I should be  
 A hundred feet in height, and I  
 Might bump my head against the sky!"  
 "Well," said the Snail, "I must admit  
 That puts a different face on it!  
 Your life depends on lying flat!  
 Dear! Dear! I hadn't thought of that!"

Oliver Herford.



"Your life depends on lying flat"



A TOUR OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY HOURS

## More About the Jewish Mind

**I**N an article published in *LIFE* on June 20 about the Jewish mind, it was described as "the most destructive mind in the world, the most grasping and unabashed, one of the ablest, one of the most aspiring, and, in its own view, the most concerned for human welfare."

A number of Jewish brethren have complained of this piece, and at least one of their letters has been published in *LIFE*. It would be pleasant to alleviate their displeasure if it were possible without violence to truth. The passage above quoted is as much open to complaint as any in the piece. But is it true? And if true, is it rude?

Is it censure or compliment to call the Jewish mind destructive?

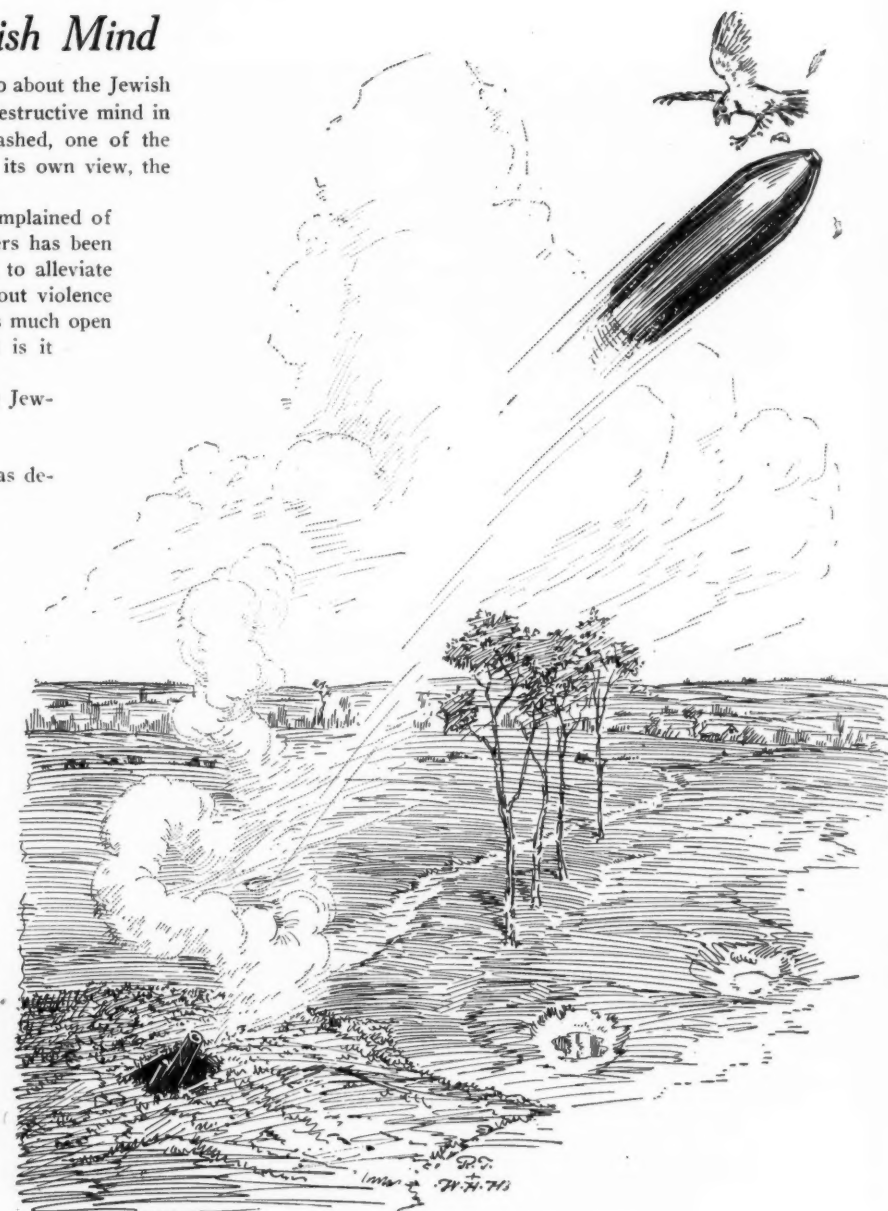
Let us think about that.

It is not rude to speak of gunpowder as destructive. Nobody thinks less of gunpowder for being destructive. On the contrary, when one is bent on destroying something, or bursting something wide open, he gets some gunpowder or some other explosive that is even more violent, and the wider open it bursts things the better he likes it. And if the thing he set out to destroy was proper to be destroyed, all right.

So, you may say—if you think so—the Jewish mind is used in politics or in works of reform to clear away, or make passage through, an existing structure.

Some of the high-grade Jews are first-class experts. Who does the Carnegie Foundation get to burst open the current system of education? Who to blow holes in the low-grade medical colleges? Who but the Flexners, very clever, interesting men, without prejudice in favor of anything because it exists, and no soft sentiments towards little red school-houses or any American institution because their grandfathers gave it money or their grandmothers gave it prayers.

So Mr. Wilson uses lots of Jews, because he is a considerably destructive person, out to abate political or social things he thinks are wrong, and must use in that work persons who agree with him, and have no scruple about helping him, and have the brains for the job. His heart went out to Mr. Brandeis, who is a reformer and a man of great intelligence and ability, of whose potency in destruction testimonials can be had at any time from Mr. Charles S. Mellen. Who (among others) did he get to help him knock



*Sparrow:* GEE! THEY MUST BE HARD UP FOR MEAT!

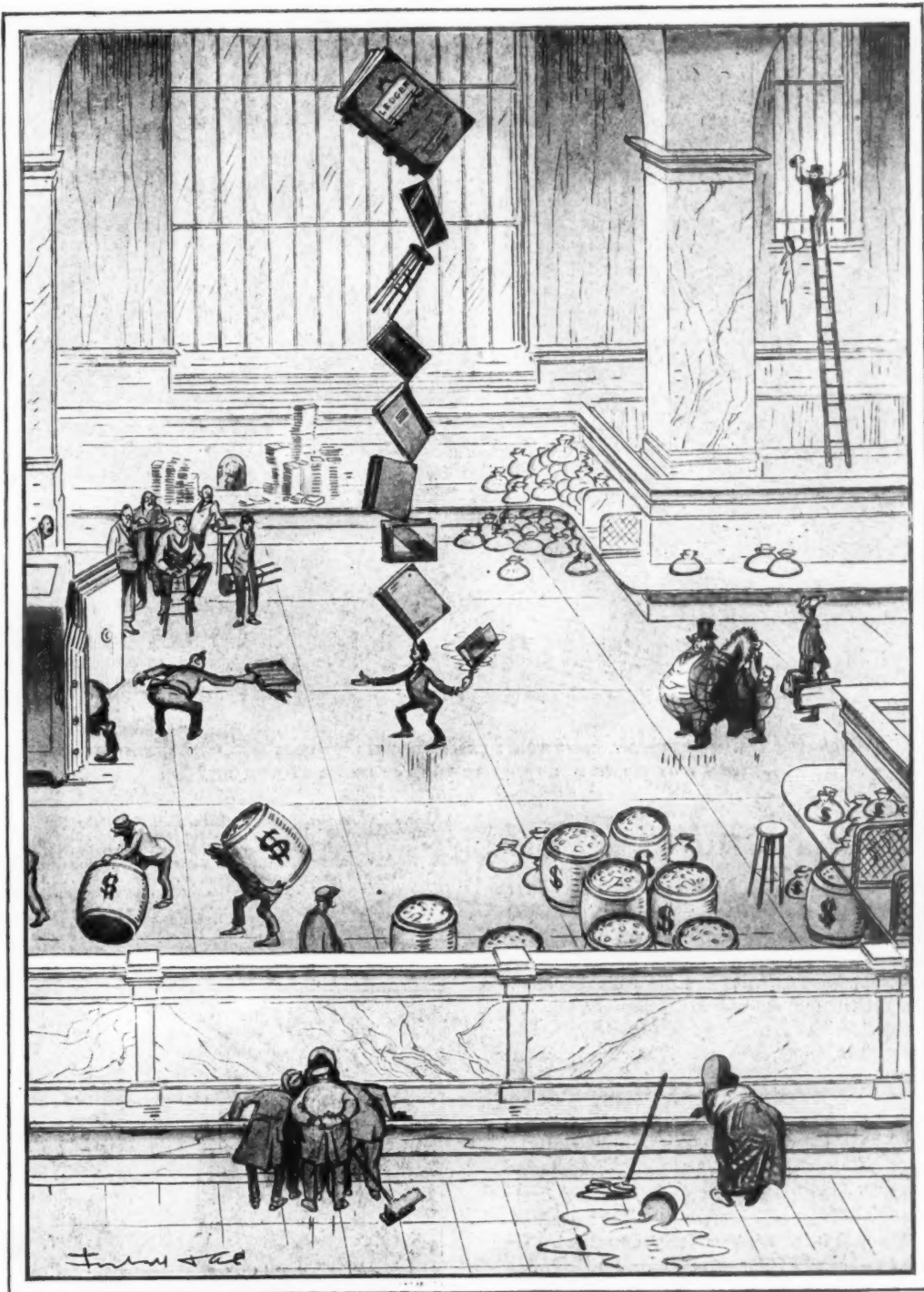
out a bad currency system and install a good one? Mr. Warburg; a good man for a good job, but what wails from Privilege accompanied it! Who did he pick to restrain the newspapers in war-time? Mr. George Creel; a good man, perhaps, for a bad job; it is hard to say, because one cannot compare the delinquencies imputed to Mr. Creel with those that would have been imputed to someone else, if someone

else had been appointed. Mr. Creel is a good hand to rush in where angels would fear to tread, and it is conceivable that the employment of restraining newspapers calls for such a person.

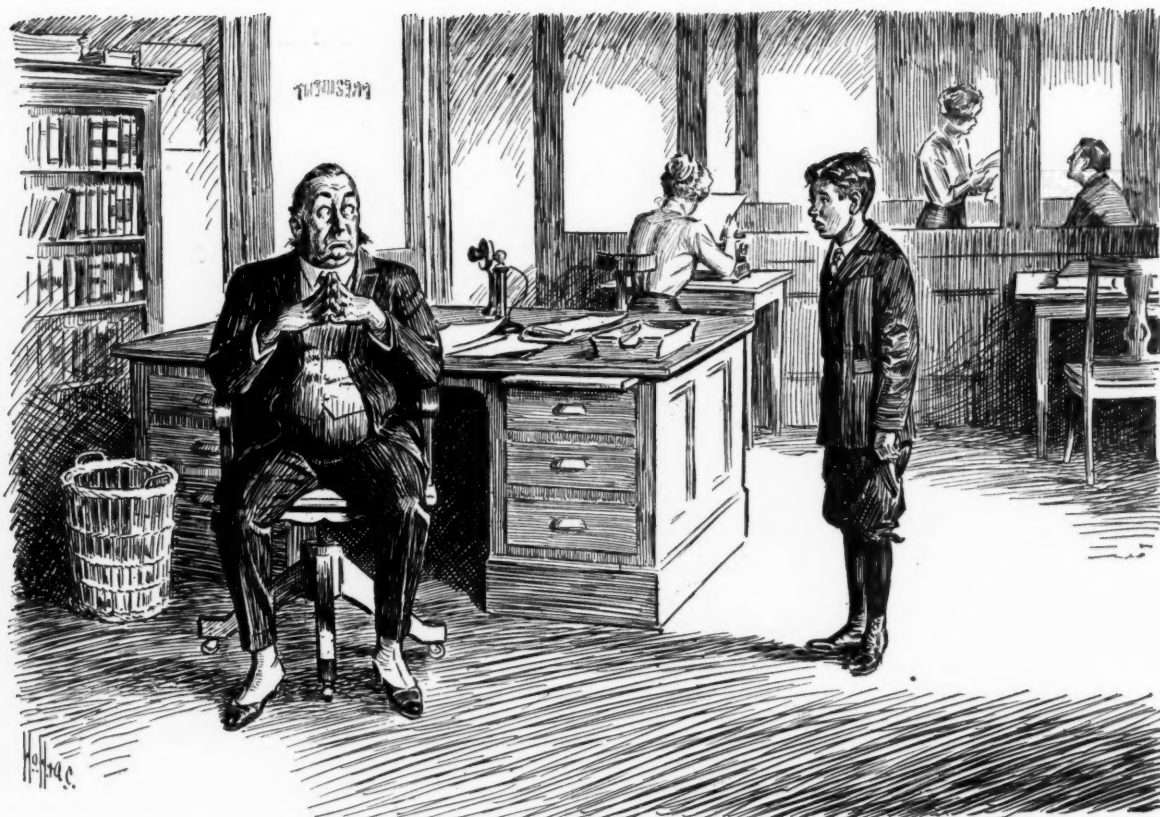
What is the most destructive thing in sight? Mustard gas? The German General Staff? No; Liberty, which is out to beat them both. Liberty raises hob in its coming, but it is great medi-

(Continued on page 173)





LITTLE BOBBIE'S IDEA OF HOW A CASHIER BALANCES HIS BOOKS



Employer: REMEMBER, HENRY, ONE THING I EXPECT IN THIS OFFICE IS STRICT TRUTHFULNESS.  
"THEN WHY DID YE MAKE ME TELL THAT COLLECTOR YE WUZ OUT?"

## Hand in Hand in France

THE glorious news of the American fighters in France that comes as this is written not only inspires enthusiasm and confidence here, but it has had a wonderfully heartening effect on the French themselves. It must not be forgotten, though, that hand in hand with this admiration of the French for American fighting qualities there goes through all France, in its remotest hamlets as well as in its greatest cities, an appreciation of American sympathy, generosity and great-heartedness. The latter is based on the substantial aid that America has given in many ways to the suffering civilian population. Important in these movements is what LIFE's readers have done, and are still doing. It is admirable, and these brief chronicles do it scant justice.

For the orphans and their brave mothers LIFE has received \$221,775.01, from which there have been remitted to Paris 1,214,569.75 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

Mrs. Reginald C. Robbins, Asticou, Maine, for Baby No. 2844.	\$73
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MARCEL JACQUILE, BABY 2604,  
AND HIS MOTHER



MADELEINE DIDAT,  
BABY 639

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ANTOINE AND CLAUDE BENEY, BABIES 2159 AND 2418, WITH THEIR BROTHER AND SISTER

water, Wis., \$10; Viola Marsden Tomhave, State College, Pa., \$10; Clara Goodwin, Augusta, Me., \$3; William A. Yoder, Centre Valley, Pa., \$10; The Jobe's Efficiency Club, Xenia, Ohio, \$16.80; Mrs. William S. Miller, Winnetka, Ill., \$5; Miss Laura V. Edwards, Cleveland, Ohio, \$10; Lakeshore Union Society, Avon Lake, Ohio, \$36.50; "Medard," South Norwalk, Conn., \$30; Mrs. J. M. Whitham, Philadelphia, Pa., \$36.50; Twelve Western Girls, Portland, Ore., \$5; Mrs. G. R. Parker, Garden City, L. I., \$20; Mrs. Belle M. Spurr, Valley City, N. D., \$6; Linda Lindquist and Clara B. Lewis, Omaha, Neb., \$10; The Avon Club, El Dorado, Kansas, \$36.50.

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\$73

#### BABY NUMBER 2839

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"In memoriam of Major R. A. Williams and Elizabeth Marshall Williams," Baltimore, Md.....	10.08
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"A Friend," Blair, Neb.....	4.92

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#### BABY NUMBER 2858

"A Friend," Blair, Neb.....	\$0.08
Latin Classes of the Bryant High School, New York City....	39
"In memory of Aunt Helga," New York City.....	5

\$44.08

## The Vision

I HAVE beheld no vision like to this—  
Line upon line, the surge of marching men,  
Upon their lifted brows the chrismal kiss  
Of inspiration. Will they come again?

Some of them will, although it be with scars,  
The same bright light within their leveled eyes;  
Some of them will not, and the eternal stars  
Will tell the story of their sacrifice.

But I have seen them, splendid, virile, strong;  
Yea, I have seen them while my cheeks grew wet,  
And though the years, the uncertain years, be long,  
Once having seen them, I shall not forget!

Clinton Scollard.

## Sayings of Famous Profiteers

PORCUS O'PIGG: I regret that I have but nine hundred and ninety-nine chances to exploit my country.

J. ROUNDBELLY RUNT: We must all profiteer together or we shall all hang separately.

NECKFAT NOSENTROUGH: Though this be treason, let's make the most of it.

GLUTTONUS MCGORGE: Rob some of the people all of the time or rob all of the people some of the time—if you can't rob all of the people all of the time.



## TASTE IN LITERATURE

Candidate for the Honor: WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE AUTHOR, MR. REESH?

"THE CHEF."





THE FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE OF O'RYAN

"PAPA, what does morale mean?"

"It's hard to explain, son; but I can give you an example—my uniform cheerfulness in the presence of your mother's relations when they are paying us a visit."



*His Wife (dressed for amateur theatricals):*  
DON'T GET EXCITED, JOHN, WE MUST ALL DO OUR BIT  
FOR THE RED CROSS.

## The Quickening

THE petty things—they bind us close to clay!  
The petty things, they fret our souls away!  
My soul would soar, my spirit spread its wings—  
Were't not for petty things.

I was not made for them; the petty things.  
Methinks my soul was meant to float on wings  
Of joyous gladness where the zephyr flings  
Sunshine on petty things.

The tyranny of things! Alackaday!  
My soul lies fettered on the King's highway!  
I cannot reach to God nor dream fair dreams  
For irksome things, meseems!

So cried my stifled soul not long ago—  
Before the world ran red with hate and scorn—  
Before the eastern holocaust had blazed  
To western folk amazed.

O God, the world through pain with knowledge rings—  
'Twas we ourselves who hugged the petty things!  
Unbind our souls, from pettiness set free,  
Dear Lord, take all of me!

*Margaret Cabell Gwathmey.*

## Wanted: A Better Excuse

SOMEBODY in the Quartermaster's Department claims to have discovered the real reason why our army heads are averse to doing away with the high, stiff blouse collars which threaten our officers with apoplexy and strangulation. According to him, there is an opinion in lofty places that a low rolling collar such as the English wear would expose our Adam's apples to such an extent that our Allies would be shocked. If this is true it is worthy of careful consideration and deep thought. We don't want to shock our Allies. At the same time, our Allies have been mixed up in the war for a considerable length of time, and have become hardened to sights which are just as bad as a whole flock of American Adam's apples. And if exposing our Adam's apples will make our men more comfortable, and consequently better able to kick the Kaiser into retirement, we have a feeling that the sight of an Adam's apple undulating gracefully above a low-collared blouse will arouse enthusiasm rather than horror in our Allies' breasts.

## Necessity

AFTER a recent pay day at Washington a government clerk was wandering aimlessly down Pennsylvania Avenue, hugging his pay envelope, when he was held up by two footpads.

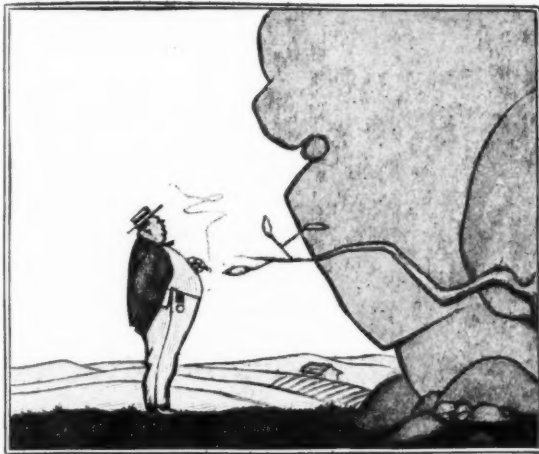
He held up his hands, but began to plead, "Don't take my money. Blow out my brains, if you must, but please don't take my money. It doesn't take any brains to live in Washington, but it does take a lot of cash."

SILLICUS: What is your idea of a popular woman?

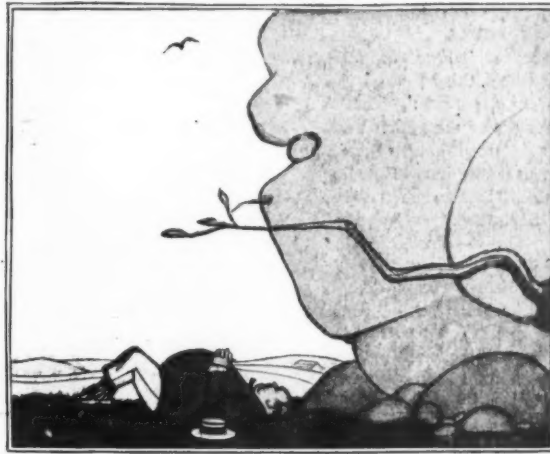
CYNICUS: The kind a fellow isn't afraid of falling in love with.

# A Compendium of Timely Information

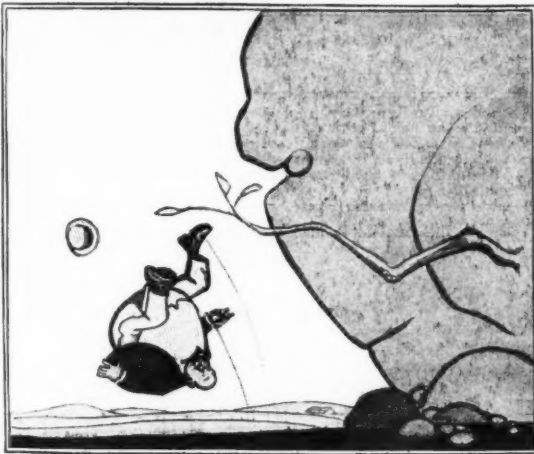
## How to Think Yourself Up a Hill



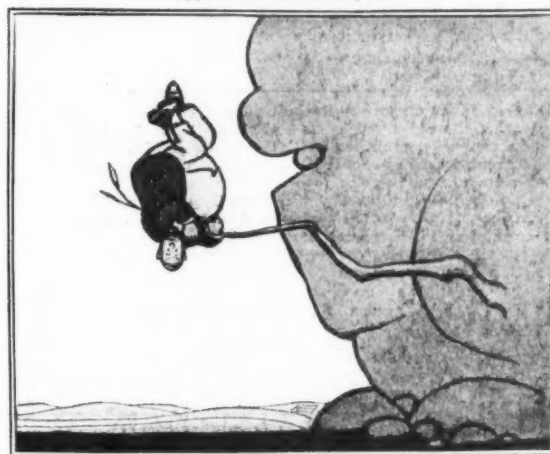
Position 1  
When you find it necessary to climb a hill.



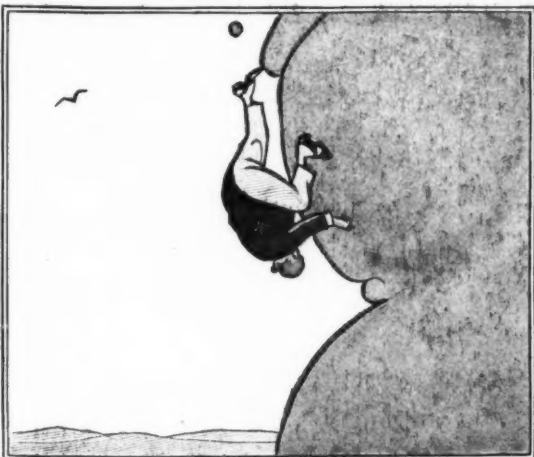
Position 2  
Lie flat on your back at the foot of it. The hill will now appear to be below you.



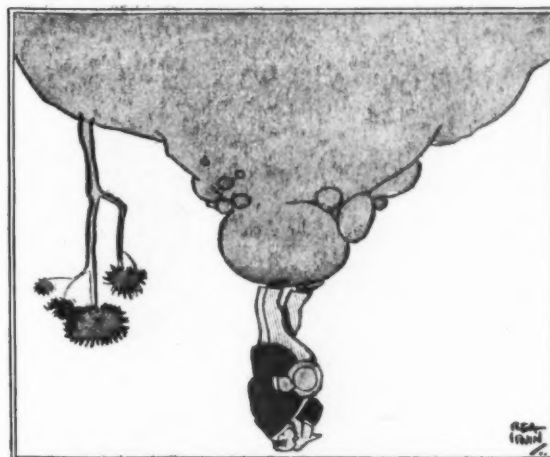
Position 3  
By concentrating on this thought you may thus overcome the natural force of gravity.



Position 4  
You must act quickly to avoid a fall.



Position 5  
Then lower yourself carefully to the summit.



Position 6  
Now, if you think you are at the top of the hill, what more do you want?



## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### Mother Knew

LITTLE GIRL (before statue in museum): Mamma, who's this?

ATTENDANT (after a pause): That's Mercury, the messenger of the gods. You have read about him, no doubt.

MOTHER: Of course she has. But, do you know, my little girl has such a very poor memory for Scripture.

—Transcript.

### Progressing

BIX: How are you making out on your resolution to economize?

DIX: Fine. I've got my running expenses slowed down to a walk.

—Transcript.

FRIEND (leaving the office with the boss): I say, old man, you didn't lock your safe.

BOSS: No, I never do. It cost three hundred dollars, and I don't want burglars to ruin it for the little I have in it.

—Christian Register.



### AS IT SEEMS

WHEN YOU NEED A SHINE AND YOUR TRAIN  
LEAVES IN THREE MINUTES

### Harmless Enough

A clergyman was grieved to find his services for men were poorly attended. He expressed his regret to the verger one evening when, as usual, they were the only two at the meeting.

"I really think they ought to come," he said sadly.

"That's jest what I've sed to 'em over an' over again," said the verger, consolingly. "I sez to 'em: 'Look at me,' I sez; 'look at me. I goes to all them services,' I sez, 'an' wot 'arm does, they do me?'" —The Presbyterian Advance.

### The Hardest

"What's the hardest thing about roller skating when you're learnin'?" asked a hesitating young man of the instructor at the rink.

"The floor," answered the attendant. —Brooklyn Eagle.

SWEET YOUNG THING: Ai'm awfully glad the waw's ovah in Fwance.

HER ESCORT: What are you talking about? The war isn't even beginning to end.

SWEET YOUNG THING: Ai didn't say it was. Ai merely said Ai was glad it was ovah in Fwance. —Independent.

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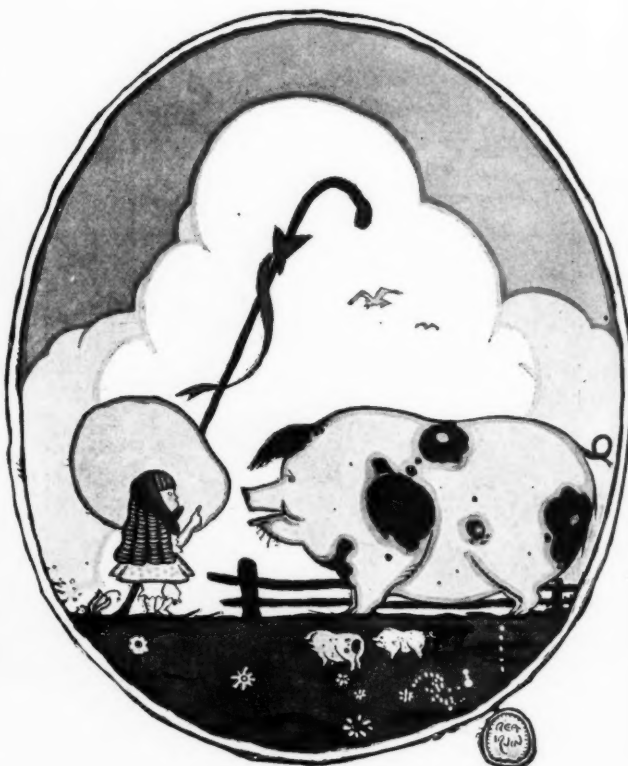
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In the Service

White Rock



Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,  
And doesn't know where to find 'em.  
She doesn't care figs, for she took some pigs  
From the government to mind them.



## More About the Jewish Mind

(Continued from page 166)

cine. In autocracies where Jews have been ill-used, they are apt to be revolutionists, which does not make them popular with the authorities. In all countries they are probably less in awe of the existing order and its operators than persons who have inherited habits of respect for both.

Was there ever a destructive force of greater potency let loose in this city than Joseph Pulitzer? He was a terrific person, awful in many particulars, dreadful in some. Yet he fought with giants, and they were not all good giants; no, not by a good deal.

Jews are mighty interesting. A good many of them seem to resent the suggestion that they are not just like all other people, and screech disapprobation in chorus when anyone makes it. But they are not. They are the only able people loose in the world in considerable numbers who have no political organization as a nation. Having no country of their own to look after, they are the more ready to help the people of the other countries with their jobs.

And of course they are not all alike, and do not all hold the same views, nor reach for the same thing, being in that respect very like other folks.

E. S. M.

*THE Cabal was in midnight secret session at Ham House. Its members were all present—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale. The topic discussed was their increasing unpopularity with the people.*

*"That can easily be overcome," said the Earl of Arlington, who was a man of sense and experience. "All we have to do is to buy a sufficient number of annual subscriptions to LIFE and bestow them broadcast. That will make everyone happy."*

## EDWARDS STEEL LOCKERS

We furnish Edwards complete locker equipments for factories, stores, schools, colleges, clubs, gymnasiums, offices, etc. The Edwards Steel Lockers are complete with hat shelves, hooks, locking devices, locks and number plates. They are adjustable, economical space and have no complicated parts. Each locker comprises only six units. Interchangeable and standardized, making the Edwards Steel Lockers cheapest and best. Every locker guaranteed. Beautifully finished in baked enamel. Send for catalog and estimates. Responsible representatives with established offices wanted for unoccupied territory. Write for special terms.

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Makers also of Edwards Adjustable All-Steel Shelving for Post Offices, Factories, Dept. Stores and all places where wood shelving is now used.



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FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
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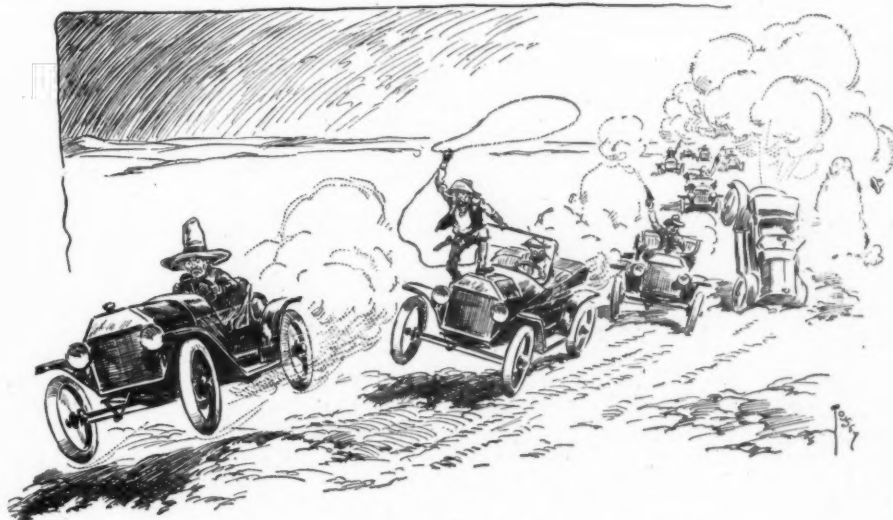
ARMY INSIGNIA  
ALSO BUTTONS, COLLAR AND  
CAP ORNAMENTS OF BRONZE

MARINE CORPS  
BRONZE  
COLLAR AND CAP ORNAMENTS

NAVAL RESERVE  
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THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSÉ PURSUE PEDRO, THE MEXICAN BANDIT

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### No Settled Residence

"Where are you going to lecture to-night, my dear?" inquired Mr. Wise of his wife, a prominent equal-suffrage lecturer.

"I am to address the Cooks' and Housemaids' Union," she responded.

Her husband laughed.

"I see nothing to laugh about. Surely they have as much right to vote as any other woman," his wife began, indignantly.

"I am not denying that, my dear," mildly explained Mr. Wise; "but it is a waste of time. Don't you realize that a cook or housemaid never remains long enough in one position to be entitled to a vote?"

Mrs. Wise, recognizing the wisdom of this, canceled her engagement by telephone.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

### Some People Are Born Lucky

Two pals, both recently wedded, were comparing the merits of their wives.

"Ah, yes," said George, who was still very much in love, "my little woman is an angel! She couldn't tell a lie to save her life!"

"Lucky boulder!" said Samuel, sighing. "My wife can tell a lie the minute I get it out of my mouth."

—*London Opinion.*

### His Worry

"Now, Rastus," said the captain, "don't you want to make your will before you go over?"

"Will, nuthin', sah! De only will I'se worryin' about is will I come back."

—*Boston Transcript.*

### Explained

"Why is it that Goldstein is so quiet when driving his flivver?"

"Well, you see, he can't take his hands off the wheel to talk."—*Widow.*

## Smoke Dr. STEWART'S Way

**The Harmless Way** **Eliminate the Sting**  
EXTRACT the Narcotic Oils and irritating heavy acid bearing Tars that cause the hacking cough, catarrh, phlegm spitting, rack your nervous system and slow you up.

Try Dr. Stewart's way a week and see how much more buoyant, cheerful and less irritable you are, how much more you enjoy your work and sleep.

Enjoy your smoking without its harmful effects, or master and discontinue the habit without the use of drugs.

Send 50c at once for chambered, non-inflammable, attractive cigarette holder (round or oval), or cigar holder and fifty cartridges. \$1.00 for genuine French briar, H. R. B. pipe and trial case of fifty Dr. Stewart's absorbent cartridges. Refund guarantee bond if not satisfactory.

Medicated cartridges for those having catarrh, bronchitis or throat trouble. 10c box of sixteen cartridges.

AMERICAN SANITARY SMOKING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Penna.

## BELL-ANS

**Absolutely Removes Indigestion.** One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

### Foil the Car Thief

It's always risky to leave a car and spare tires unguarded. The sensible protection is a POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK. The weather-proofed Yellow Strand Wire Rope can't easily be cut—the sturdy spring lock is unpickable. Some companies reduce theft insurance 10% where AUTOWLOCKS are used. At dealers, \$2.25 east of the Rockies.

BASLINE AUTOWLINE, also of Yellow Strand Rope, is strong and reliable. Patented snaffle hooks attach instantly, safely. At dealers, \$4.95 east of the Rockies.

POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE is just what you need for your heavy-duty power-wagon. Superstrong—it stands the strain. Write for literature.

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO., ST. LOUIS :: NEW YORK  
Manufacturers of celebrated Yellow Strand Wire Rope

# POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK

### Circumstantial Evidence

"Halloa, Tims!" said Jones. "I saw your wife this morning. By Jove! that new coat of hers must have cost a pot of money. You're doing specially well at present?"

"No, not exactly," replied Tims, moodily. "Fact is, she got it by accident."

"By accident!" exclaimed Jones. "How was that?"

"Well, old fellow, it was this way. I got home rather late the other night. The hall was very dark, but I could just distinguish a figure standing by the chair. I slipped up to her, put my arm around her waist and whispered, 'Mary, give me a kiss.'"

"But—but," stammered Jones, "I thought your wife's name was Kate!"

"It is," murmured Tims; "that's how she got the coat."—*Tit-Bits.*

### A Doubtful Recommendation

MOTHER: I don't like the looks of that little boy you were playing with on the street to-day. You mustn't play with bad little boys, you know.

SON: Oh, but he isn't a bad little boy, mamma. He's a good little boy. He's been to a reformatory twice, and they've let him out each time on account of good behavior.—*New York Globe.*



PROFESSOR SCHLUTZENWESSEN GERGRUG-GENHEIMER, THE FAMOUS SWORD SWALLOWER.

### Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

## BOGALUSA

"The New South's Young City of Destiny." It's where the Great Southern Lumber Co. takes up and lays a mile of railway track daily (60 m. total).

If you social a of the left hand—and

VAN

Please send receipt of the left hand—and

Name

Street

City

State

L. & S. 12

### The Necessity of Appearing Important

**M**AN could get a great deal more valuable work done during his life's span if he didn't have to spend so much time on figuring how he can appear important.

If he could only grasp, with a clear and all-embracing comprehension, the fact that he is merely an atom in the boundless universe, and then act in accordance with that conviction, his efficiency would be increased an hundredfold and the happiness in his cup would be much nearer the brim.

But he can't, and so there is really no use talking about it. He will go on strutting and prinking and decorating himself and bluffing and boasting to the bitter end.



## VANITY FAIR

The most successful of all the new magazines

### Don't Be a Social Back Number—

If you are out of step with the whirling progress of our time; if you are removed from its magnetic influences; if, despite your youth, you are becoming an old fogey, or an old maid, or an old bachelor, or an old bore; if your *joie de vivre* is dying at the roots—then you must read Vanity Fair, and presto! you will be nimble-witted and agile-minded again—the joy of the picnic—the life of the party—the little ray of sunshine in the gloom of the grill-room.

Six months of Vanity Fair will enable you to ignite a dinner party at fifty yards

Don't settle down comfortably in the *ore*. The world is moving, moving on all eight cylinders—some folks are even moving on twelve—and you might just as well move along with them. Don't stall yourself on life's highroad and be satisfied to take everybody else's dust. Hop up and take a little joy ride on the red and yellow band-wagon—Vanity Fair's band-wagon.

### Every Issue of Vanity Fair Contains:

**PERSONALITIES:** Portraits and revelations of the best known figures, over there and over here, not to mention the writers, wits and workers who are giving of their best to win the war.

**ESSAYS AND ARTICLES:** Graphic treatment of the more unconventional sides of modern life, by enlightening and enlivened essayists, critics and authors.

**THE ARTS:** Criticisms and illustrations of the latest and most discussed happenings in painting, literature, sculpture and architecture.

**HUMOR AND SKETCHES:** The sunniest spots in the bright side of the war; soldiers, near-soldiers, officers, and near-officers; workers and near-workers as seen by young and daring artists and writers.

**SPORTS:** The war has affected in many notable ways the building of automobiles, airships, motorboats. Its effects upon them are treated in the pages of Vanity Fair.

**THE STAGE:** A panorama of New York's theatre; reviews of the most daimless comedies, the most stimulating plays, the tenet dramas.

**FASHIONS:** The last word on the new clothes for men and women.

**WORLD AFFAIRS:** Accurate, informative and inspiring articles dealing with American politics and policies in the great war.

**OTHER TOPICS:** The heart of metropolitan life is mirrored, month by month; its dancers; its shops; the growth of its women's work; notes from Paris and London; dogs; moving pictures.

### Try a Little Dollar Diplomacy!

You think nothing—in your poor deluded way—of paying \$2.00 for a theatre ticket, or for a new book, but for only \$1.00 you can secure five months of Vanity Fair,—six if you mail the coupon now—and with it more entertainment than you can derive from dozens of sex plays or a shelf full of problem novels.

Stop where you are!  
Tear off that coupon!



If you want to be in the social and artistic swim, tear off the coupon in the lower left hand corner of this page—and mail it.

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Please send me the next FIVE issues of Vanity Fair. I will remit \$1.00 on receipt of your bill. (OR) I enclose \$1.00 herewith. (Canadian \$1.25) If this order is received in time I understand that you will send me a complimentary copy of the current issue, making SIX issues in all.  
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## HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,



Soldiers use Foot-Ease

Son or Brother in training camps in the American Army or Navy? If so, mail him a package of **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot-Ease, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. It is the greatest comforter for tired, aching, tender, swollen feet, and gives relief to corns and bunions.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask your dealer to-day for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot-Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. What remembrance could be so acceptable?

A limited number of Free Trial Packages of Allen's Foot-Ease will be forwarded, charges prepaid, to any War Relief Committee for making up Comfort Kits. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### 1918 Edition of Alice in Wonderland

**H**E thought it was a roast of beef  
Within the pantry neat.

He looked again, and saw it was

A substitute for meat.

"If this is all we've got," he said,

"I'll go elsewhere to eat."

He thought it was a gal. of gas  
Within the auto tank.

He looked again, and saw it was

No more than could be drank.

And when he'd paid the price he found

His roll of bills had shrank.

He thought it was a grassy lawn  
Went sloping to the street.

He looked again, and saw it was

Laid down to winter wheat.

Green vegetables grew everywhere

He tried to set his feet.

He thought it was the same dull world  
That he had always known.

He looked again, and saw it was

Agog, whirl, foam.

He shrank away, and one could hear

His last expiring groan.

Mary Hoadley Griswold.

### Why Not End the War?

**A** STRONG movement having set in to conscript wealth, we desire to call attention to a monied class which hitherto has apparently escaped the attention of our lawmakers. But it does not seem as if domestic servants could longer escape. Cooks, we regret to say, are now getting practically all the money we have. Besides this, they receive free board and lodging. That the surplus wealth now being accumulated by cooks and other domestics should immediately be conscripted goes without saying. Let us get the war over with as soon as possible.

**We Promise You, Solemnly**  
that Vanity Fair is not just one more magazine, or even a new magazine of an old kind—but an **ALTOGETHER NEW KIND OF MAGAZINE**. It's an entertaining Magazine for Moderns.

We are not going to print any pretty girls' heads on its covers. We are going to spare you the agony of sex discussions. We shall publish no dreary serial stories. No diaries of travel. No gloom. No problem stories. No articles on Belgium, or irrigation, or railroad rates, or food conservation, or any other statistical subject.

Condé Nast Publisher  
Frank Crowninshield  
Editor

Three Dollars a Year





"Now, what do you suppose he is signalling to his chum?"

"He's telling him he has just received the latest copy of LIFE."

## A Letter from the Rear

LIFE Trenches, August, 1918.

### FELLOWS:

We are trying to be as cheerful as possible, considering that we have to stay at home and read all the jokes that come in. We are horribly lonesome, especially for news from the front, so any little thing you have, no matter how trivial, don't hesitate to send it along.

And, above all, don't write us any gloomy stuff. It's bad enough trying to keep it all out of the paper. We are so sick of the Kaiser and his crew, just from reading about him in our mail, that we hope you'll get into Berlin as soon as you can, conveniently.

We hope to get out a Humorous Number soon, and hope you won't mind. We are ready to do almost anything to win this war. You might send us a subscription, just to cheer us up, but we don't insist upon it. Our circulation is keeping up fairly well, although our pulse is too much above normal—especially when we read what you fellows are doing "over there."

Pass one out to Fritz for us, will you? We'll do the same by you some day.

Ever yours,

*Life*

### Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 52

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Several sample copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

## Martial Maxims

A PROFITEER is not without honor, save in his own country.  
All the world loves a Hoover.  
Take care of the tents, and the towns will take care of themselves.  
The wages of war is debt.  
The course of true hate never runs smooth.

Cast thy bread across the waters.  
Censored communications corrupt good manners.

It's a wise captain that knows his own "Vaterland."

War levels all cranks.

The more haste the less need.

Ye cannot serve War and Mammon.

In a multitude of Americans there is safety.

One touch for war funds makes the whole world kin.

To fight is human, and to win, divine.

Seize Time by the warlock,

Love laughs at gunsmiths.

He must have a long spoon who would eat with the Kaiser.

Money makes the Hun go.

A sword in the Kaiser is worth two in the Boche.

The proof of the spudding is in the eating.

A fool and his buddy are soon parted.

He shoots best who shoots last.

A word to the wise is, "Efficient."

Hohenzollerns never hear any good of themselves.

He who fights the Hun away

May live to fight another day.

Carolyn Wells Houghton.

"YOU bad boy, you!" said Venus, as she gave Cupid his first spanking. "You ought to know better than to shoot your arrows through your mother's weekly copy of LIFE before she has had a chance to read it."

## If You Are Leaving Town

please advise us of any intended change in your address. The post office forwards only letters to changed addresses, not papers. Send us prompt notice or your copies will be lost.

Notice must reach us ten days in advance —by the Monday of the week preceding the date of changing the address.

LIFE

17 West 31st Street, New York  
Subscription Department



**Enjoy Real Comfort On Your Camping Trip**

WHEN you go camping take Wilson's Camper Equipment with you. You will have a far more pleasant vacation and a great many more comforts and conveniences than ever before.

The entire line of Wilson's Camp Equipment and "RESTGOOD" Bedding Roll is designed to make an enjoyable camping trip—the Bedding Roll, the Roll-A-Bed-Tent, the folding bucket, folding wash basin, camper's valet, duffle bag, etc.

We call your attention especially to the Roll-A-Bed-Tent—our newest convenience for campers—which has been put on the market.

It met with instant approval and is being used by campers everywhere.

Write us today for illustrated literature describing our line of camper's equipment and showing you how convenient it all is. Ask your dealer to show it to you. If he cannot he will gladly get it for you. In writing address Department L-13.

Wilson's Camper Equipment includes: Duffle Bag, Camper's Valet, Folding Wash Basin, Folding Pail, Trench Mirror, and the famous "RESTGOOD" Bedding Roll.

Wilson's Camper Equipment is manufactured by Wilson & Co., Chicago.

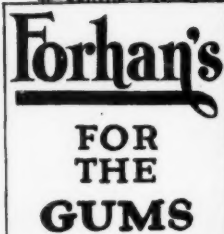
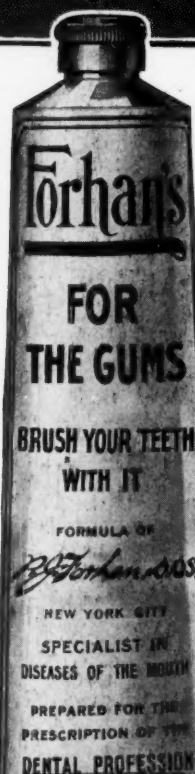


THE SOUL KISS AND



THE SOLE KISS

## Inflamed gums—a cause of loose teeth



**P**YORRHEA is undoubtedly a vital danger to both gums and teeth. Tender gums indicate it, and with it come loosening teeth. Imperceptibly at first, the gums recede from the normal gum line. They inflame. They present many tiny openings for millions of bacteria to attack the unnamed tooth base. Tooth-base decay quickly follows. Even if the cavity be filled and the tooth saved, the gums continue to recede. Remember, too, that inflamed and bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Against this Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) ordinary tooth-pastes are powerless. Yet Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty, and many under this age. But Forhan's—if used in time and used consistently—positively prevents Pyorrhea. It is a scientific tooth cleanser as well. Brush your teeth with it. See how promptly bleeding or gum tenderness ceases and how your teeth are kept white, clean and free from tartar.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes  
All Druggists  
**FORHAN CO.**  
202 6th Ave., N.Y.  
Send for Trial Tube Free



**MADE IN GERMANY**  
LATEST MODEL GERMAN CLOCK; WILL HOLD UP BOTH HANDS WHEN THE CUCKOO CRIES "KAMERAD!"

## Books Received

### Fiction

*The Amazing Interlude*, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (George H. Doran Company, \$1.40.) An idyl of the early years of the war staged in a canteen close to the Belgian front.

*The Mainland*, by E. L. Grant Watson. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.) A tale of youth in northwestern Australia by the author of "Where Bonds Are Loosed."

*Gold and Iron*, by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.) Three novelettes about picturesque characters in their middle years.

*Greatheart*, by Ethel M. Dell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.) A novel with the triangle of an impressionable young girl and two brothers of antipodal character.

*Drift*, by Mary Aldis. (Duffield & Co., \$1.50.) The story of a temperamental woman and her attempts at adjustment to the conditions of modern life.

*The Toll of the Road*, by Marion Hill. (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.) A story of stage life and small-town respectability.

### Poetry and Drama

*Purple Youth*, by Robert DeCamp Leland. (The Four Seas Company, Boston, \$1.) A farcical scene between two artists and a Puritan.

*Tropical Town*, by Salomon de la Selva. (John Lane Company, \$1.25.) A volume of Latin-American verse by the representative poet of the younger generation in Nicaragua.

*The Silver Trumpet*, by Amelia Josephine Burr. (George H. Doran Company, \$1.) A collection of war poems addressed to the woman at home.

*The Stag's Hornbook*. Edited by John McClure. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.60.) A companionable anthology for bachelors and good fellows.

*Posthumous Poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne*. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. (John Lane Company, \$1.50.) Unpublished border ballads and miscellaneous poems ranging over the fifty years of Swinburne's career.

### Biography

*My Empress*, by Marfa Mouchanow. (John Lane Company, \$2.50.) The memoirs of a Maid in Waiting to the ex-Czarina Alexandra.

### Religion

*Prayers for Today*. Compiled by Samuel McComb. (Harper & Brothers, \$1.) A series of prayers and meditations from a variety of sources.

*Just a Minute*, by Charles Frederic Goss. (Stewart & Kidd Co., 75 cents.) Short reflections on texts from the Scriptures and the war.

### Graphic

Here is an extract from a hotel prospectus in Switzerland: "Veissbach is the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of it are, in fact, constantly flocking here from the four quarters of the globe."

—Argonaut.

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER

# The Diary of a Nation

War Editorials from  
**LIFE**

By Edward S. Martin

## What the Reviewers Say About It

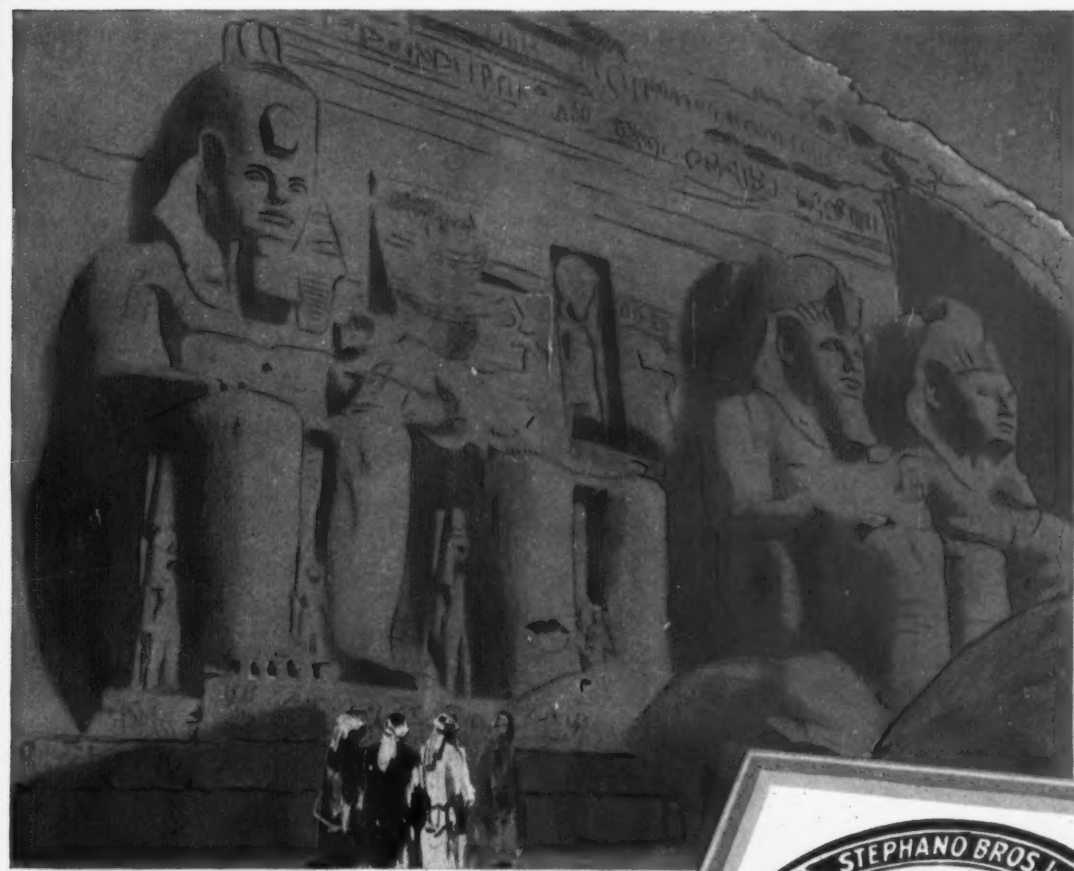
From the  
*San Francisco Chronicle*:

These papers are all very informal. They make no pretense at covering the whole diplomatic field, and yet they are far more valuable as a history of America's reactions to the European war than any other record which has thus far come under review. They are the main facts plus an intelligent and most interesting interpretation.

Published by  
Doubleday, Page & Co.,  
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# RAMESES

THE ARISTOCRAT  
OF CIGARETTES

“NOBODY EVER  
CHANGES FROM  
RAMESES”

IN TENS TWENTIES AND WEEK END TINS  
RAMESES LARGE SIZE FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS



# Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

## GINGER ALE

Buy it by  
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Every quaffing of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is a little picnic in itself—and sure defeat to thirst. The ingredients are finest Jamaica Ginger, pure juices of lemons and limes, pure cane sugar, and water that bubbles cool and sweet out of a deep spring. A thoroughly safe, healthful and perfectly carbonated drink for the thirsty young and the thirsty old alike.

Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist. Serve on every occasion.

The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

